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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DISTRESSED DISTRICTS.

THE Christmas of 1862 will be a sad and sorrowful one in the manufacturing districts. Our front illustration tells its own tale. Many a family that enjoyed comparative competence this time last year, is now reduced to the utmost penury and distress. The empty cupboard, the bare and chilly hearth, the tattered garments, in one portion of the picture, but too plainly bespeak the pinching poverty which spreads itself pall-like over that part of the British dominions but lately the chief hive of industry. "A Lancashire Lad" thus pourtrays with graphic pen the misery he has witnessed in the famine-stricken districts: "I visited several houses in Stockport, in some of which it would seem that wretchedness and destitution, a little less pressing than that which I saw in them, was the normal state; but I did not stay there long, I just took them in my way. In almost the first house at which we called my conductor introduced me to an old man, now almost beyond the power of labour, who had derived his chief support from a middle-aged, unmarried daughter, who resided with him. The

mill being closed, and his daughter therefore idle, he was obliged to accept relief at the hands of others. His father had been an agricultural labourer, but one of sturdy character, who taught his children such lessons in frugality and independence as were never forgotten. A short talk with this old man, and an appreciation of the reverence and religious feeling which were so becoming to his grey hairs, convinced me that he was one who ought to be lovingly shielded from the adverse fate which has threatened him. A little further on we came upon a house in which, whilst there was great cleanliness, there was not that home-look about the people which I noticed elsewhere. The house was full of occupants. The old man and wife and their children were there. Two of these children, one son and one daughter, had got married, and had set up homes of their own, but they had had to close them again in consequence of hard times, and now altogether dwelt with the old folks. The old man was a handloom weaver, but could not now get much by his work, even when work was to be had. He gossiped about the old days, when much money was earned at his trade, and compared them with the state of things existing now. Nearly all in the numerous household were idle,



CHRISTMAS DAY, 1861.

THE COTTON FAMINE.—No. 3. THIS YEAR AND THE LAST.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862.

and had to be supported from the rates or the public funds. From that house I passed to several others, all occupied by the better classes of operatives, and noticed the scrupulously clean floor and furniture, though the furniture was much more scanty than in ordinary times. Passing through one of these houses, we entered a cottage which a humane and considerate employer had given up to his tenants to be used as a little institute by them. Going up stairs, we saw a few of the neighbours reading the papers, whilst some others were busy with a draught-board and men. In the room below was a boiler for cooking soup, &c., which was freely distributed amongst the poor. From there we went to a cottage in which resided a man, his wife and four children. The man had been an overseer, and in ordinary times earned about 24s. weekly. Two of his children—one son and one daughter—had also earned about 8s. each weekly; so that the usual income of the family was about 2l. per week. They had not been able to save much in good times, because they had had ill-luck in the form of a crippled child, whose painful existence was costly to the family. The cripple has since died. The only money now coming in as earnings was about 3s. 6d., which the boy got weekly for the partial work that was found for him to do. This the relief committee made up to 2s. per head per week, and the family is just now sustained upon that. We found another family who had lived six months upon their savings before they applied to the relief committee. In another house at which we called I learned much that interested me. It turned out that the family had, some years ago, come from the village in which I was myself born, and that, from names and circumstances mentioned by them, I could judge of their past condition, and could easily compare that with their present mode of life. In the old village the father had been overseer at a silk mill, was well paid, and frugal, and so could afford to save a considerable amount of money. His family consisted of only two girls, one of whom was in delicate health—in a decline in short. The girls were scholars at one of the village Sunday schools, and that they were highly esteemed there the numerous books, &c., which had been presented to them, and which were now shown to me, were sufficient to prove. It happened that the father was thrown out of work. He was idle long, but at last got employment as overseer in one of the St. Ekpark cotton mills. He came here with his family, and things had been improving with them again until the hard times came. Then, like hundreds beside them, they sank gradually down, till now they were on the relief list. In the meantime the daughter who had been ill in the old village had faded away like some flower nipped before it had fully opened, and it was touching to see how, through many years, the Sunday school memorials which linked the living with the dead, were treasured with an affection and a care as great as rich people give to the memorials of their dead. As the living girl talked to me of the dead sister, and of the old village life, I saw that the past touched the present with poetic beauty, and hallowed the humble house in which I stood."

A SWINDLER AND A BIGAMIST.

At Gloucester Assizes, James Summers, *alias* John Alexander Conroy, was charged upon three indictments with bigamy and forgery—bigamy in having married one Emily Dawson Graham, at Windsor, his former wife, Margaret, being then alive; and also having married Jane Cowley Date, at Cirencester, during the lifetime of his said wife Margaret. He was also charged with forging the signature of Mr. Graham to a cheque on Messrs. Hopkinson and Co., of London, for £100. This case excited the most intense interest, and the court was crowded. Mr. Cripps prosecuted; the prisoner was defended by Mr. Sawyer. The career of the prisoner (who had assumed the name of Captain Conroy) has been one of the most accomplished knavery. He is the son of a pawnbroker and silversmith, and on July 7, 1847, married the daughter of a silversmith, named Margaret London, of 16, Blackfriars-road, London. He married her in the name of James Summers. They had four children, and about three years ago the prisoner deserted his wife, but afterwards finding that she was getting a good living by letting apartments he returned to her, and about a year ago again deserted her. He next appeared at the Bridge-house Hotel, Windsor, where he cut an appearance as Captain Conroy, and there formed an acquaintance with the niece of the landlord, Miss Emily Dawson Graham, whom on the 11th of January last he married. He lived with her a very short time, for in the course of last summer he took up his quarters at the King's Head Hotel, the principal inn at Cirencester, and paid his addresses to Miss Date, the daughter of the landlord, whom he married at Cirencester Church, on the 9th of July last. The first indictment proceeded with that of forgery.

Mr. Date, landlord of the King's Head Inn, Cirencester, deposed that the prisoner came to his house on the 16th of April, and remained for a day. He then paid his bill, and said he was about to leave for London, but afterwards changed his mind. He remained some time, and paid his addresses to Miss Date, representing himself as Captain Conroy of the Indian army. Witness looked into the "Army List," and not finding his name there, he called Conroy's attention to the fact, on which he expressed his surprise, and said he would write to his friend, Sir J. Lawrence. He accordingly wrote a letter to Sir J. Lawrence, and in day or two, Mr. Date and the prisoner received letters purporting to be from Sir J. Lawrence (but which were proved to be forgeries), vouching for the fact that the prisoner was a captain in the Bengal infantry. This satisfied the witness, and the prisoner remained at his house till the 9th of July, when he was married to witness's daughter, at Cirencester Church. On the morning of the marriage the prisoner said he had lost his purse, and as it could not be found when the "happy pair" were about to leave, witness was asked to lend them some money to go on with. A few days before the prisoner had given to Mrs. Date two cheques, and it was suggested that one of them should be cashed for this purpose. Accordingly Mrs. Date fetched down the cheques, and he selected one which purposed to be drawn by Major-General Davies for £100 on Messrs. Hopkinson's bank. This was endorsed by the prisoner and taken to the Cirencester bank by the porter and cashed, and the money handed to the prisoner—notes and gold. [The cheque was produced. It was dated the 9th of June, 1862, and purposed to be a cheque signed by "Wm. L. Davies, Major-General, on Messrs. Hopkinson and Co., for £100, payable to Captain Conroy or order."]

Mrs. Date, wife of the last witness, gave corroborative testimony; and the banker proved that the cheque was forged.

Superintendent Riddiford proved the capture of the prisoner at Jersey, and that on bringing him to Cirencester, when at Reading, he said to his wife (Miss Date), "Pray, dear, intercede with your pa for me; he is the only person who can save me."

His lordship summed up, and the jury found the prisoner "Guilty."

The prisoner was then charged with bigamy, and pleaded "Guilty" to the charge.

His lordship sentenced him to penal servitude for fifteen years for the forgery only, observing it was not necessary to sentence him on the other charge.

ON Saturday, Isabella Blundell, aged seventy-one, who resided at No. 57, College-street, Camden-town, was on a visit to the house of a friend in the vicinity of White Horse-lane, Stepney, when she stepped upon a piece of orange-peel and fell heavily to the ground by which means she sustained a fracture of the thigh, and other injuries. She was conveyed in a cab to the London Hospital, where she died in a few hours.

Notes of the Week.

—o—
THE St. George, English line-of-battle ship, with Prince Alfred on board, has arrived in the Bay of Naples.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been elected President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

GARIBOLDI'S HYMN was called for by the audience the other night at the Andrea Doria Theatre, Genoa, and received with much applause. The orchestra afterwards played the "Marsillaise," but this was hissed.

It is rumoured in Paris that as soon as the French obtained any decided success in Mexico, the Emperor will order home the troops.

AMONG the speakers at a meeting held in Lambeth, was Mr. Jackson, the coloured ex-coachman of Jefferson Davis. He was received with immense applause, and said: He had lived twenty-nine years and six months in slavery. It was false to say that the slaves as a class did not desire freedom. They had been praying for years for the election of an abolitionist for president. Hundreds and thousands had escaped since Mr. Lincoln came into office. Jefferson Davis had hired him of a Mr. W. A. Tyler, as coachman, at the rate of 250 dollars a year, and had given him security for 800 dollars in the event of his escaping. That money would have to be paid if he did not return on the 25th of the present month. (Laughter) He asked for the sympathy of Englishmen on behalf of his brethren in bondage, and for those who were fighting for their freedom. He looked forward to the 1st of January as a day of jubilee.

ON Saturday, Charles Harvey, aged forty-one years, an omnibus conductor, in the employment of Mr. Wood, omnibus proprietor, Canberwell, was killed. One of the horses fell down in King William-street, London-bride, and after it was released a man touched it on the back, when it struck out with the hind leg and buried the leg of the iron shod in deceased's skull. He was without loss of time conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where Mr. Holmstedt, house surgeon, rendered every assistance that surgical skill could suggest, but he expired a few minutes after his admission.

The following circular, addressed to Lord Lieutenants of counties, has been issued from the war-office:—"War-office, Dec. 2, 1862.—My lord,—As I have deemed it necessary to give instructions for a revision of the regulations which have been issued for the guidance of the volunteer force, I consider it expedient to place a limit to the formation of volunteer corps in addition to the number of those already in existence; and I have therefore the honour to inform you that I shall not be prepared to submit, for her Majesty's acceptance, any offer of service which may reach me subsequently to the 1st of January. I have the honour—G. C. LEWIS.

A NOVEL and lamentable case of *felonie se se*, accompanied by circumstances of great premeditation and resolution, was invented by Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, the deputy coroner, at the Adam and Eve Tavern, Lower Hormerott. Joseph Wood, Hormer-physician, Hackney said that he was fishing with two other young men in the river Lea, near the Hackney Marshes. Upon shifting their position a little they observed a man standing on the opposite bank, who hailed them and inquired whether it was three o'clock. They replied that it was past that hour. He then took from his pockets a silk handkerchief, and holding it up said, "You may as well have this—would you wish it?" They answered that they would, but that it was too far to go round to get it. He answered, "Your journey is not so long as the one I am going to make." He spoke with such perfect ease and indifference that witness thought he was merely joking. He returned the handkerchief to his pocket, and without moving his feet down and deliberately dived into the water. He rose once and then sank finally. Witness and his companions ran round to the lockman, who brought drags, and the body was recovered dead. T. Cadmore said that he was lockman at the Hormer-lock. When he got the body of the deceased out of the water he found that the limbs and arms were bound together in an extraordinary manner. The ankles were tied close together by a cord. Another cord passing round the body outside the arms above the elbows kept the arms fixed to the sides. The wrists were fastened within a few inches of each other by means of slip-knots. No doubt deceased was a first rate swimmer, and he tied himself up in order to be sure not to float through involuntary struggling in the water. There was no evidence to identify the deceased. He was about forty years of age. The coroner then summed up, and the jury, after long deliberation, returned a verdict of *felonie se se*. The coroner remarked that a more deliberate perpetration of *felonie se se* it would be difficult to find, and he immediately issued his warrant for the interment of the body by torchlight, and without the rites of Christian burial.

The Court of Inquiry which has been sitting for some weeks to investigate the truth of certain imputations upon the honour of two officers of the Grenadier Guards has made its report. It will be recollected that one of the charges was to the effect that Lieutenant-Colonel Burnaby and Captain Annesley had made a sham match and dash bets thereon at Newmarket. Upon this charge the court had but little difficulty in coming to a conclusion that there was nothing to effect the reputation of either of the officers; and so far as Captain Annesley was concerned the inquiry terminated quickly as well as most satisfactorily. The other charge had reference to Colonel Burnaby alone, and was to the effect that he had been guilty of something like sharping in making bets upon the spelling of the word *reindeer* among a party of gentlemen assembled at Sir Lydiat's Newmarket seat in Devonshire. With reference to this, the court, in the first instance, delivered a verdict which, on the whole, was not so clear and satisfactory as could be wished; and the Duke of Cambridge, who, as colonel of the regiment, had instituted the inquiry, referred back the report. So anxious was his royal highness to have the inquiry complete and conclusive that when a second report was made which did not seem to fulfil these conditions he again referred it back, with directions that certain matters should be investigated more closely. The court has now finally made its report, which has been confirmed by the Duke, and we have reason to believe it is to the effect that Colonel Burnaby has vindicated his honour in the matter.

Mrs. Yelverton has had a decision in her favour. The Court of Session at Edinburgh, by a majority of two to one, have decided that she is the lawful wife of Major Yelverton, according to the law of Scotland, thus reversing the decision of Lord Ardmillan in the Outer Court. The judges who held the marriage to be legal were Lord Curriehill and Lord Dessa. The Lord President was unfavourable to the marriage. Mrs. Yelverton has now established her marriage by a legal decision in Scotland, and by the verdict of a jury in Ireland.

Much excitement has been caused in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi by the report that a gentleman had been found dead in a room at No. 12, York-buildings, with a bullet wound in his body. This turned out to be too true, and it was ascertained to be the body of Mr. Stewart Fleming Nicolson, a solicitor, who occupied chambers in the above house. He is supposed to be about thirty years of age, and has left a wife to deplore his sad end. Dr. Dunlop was called in, and he stated that the unfortunate man had been dead some hours, death having been caused by the bullet wound in his body. A pistol was found lying by his side, and it is supposed that the deceased gentleman had committed suicide.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A telegram, from Turin, announces that the Italian Government respectfully declines for the present any further negotiations with France respecting the Roman question. Energetic measures against the brigands are being prepared by the Turin cabinet.

The ambassadors at the French Court have received an intimation from the Lord High Chamberlain requesting them to send lists of their respective compatriots who may be eligible for invitation to the Court balls. Of these three will be given during the Carnival. The Empress will give one masked ball, and on every Monday evening until Lent her Majesty will hold small receptions in her private apartments.

King Leopold of Belgium's seventy-second birthday was celebrated at Brussels with great rejoicings. The *France* says: "Great emotion prevailed in consequence of the advanced age and precarious health of his Majesty. King Leopold is greatly beloved by his own people, who feel deep anxiety at the eventualities which the vacancy of the throne may one day lead to. The Duke de Brabant inhabits Cairo for the sake of his health, and the King is painfully affected by the condition of his eldest son. He feels great affection for the Duchess de Brabant, with whom he has frequent interviews. That princess is endowed with a power of mind, and may one day be regent; she will be worthy of a high post."

ITALY.

The following is from a Paris letter:—

"The conduct and policy of the Court at Berlin, notoriously inconsistent in its course of profusing and violating constitutional practice at home, exhibit the same忘恩负义 and offensive depictions abroad, more especially in the matter of Italian recognition. The formal acknowledgment of King Victor's monarchy was only made a movement made at the suggestion of France, but had for determining impulse a less worthy motive in the opposition to the Austria. Fixed hostility towards Prussia in the peninsula is also likely to ensue from an act which the maddened sovereign bent on playing fast and loose has contrived to notify. By his orders the Crown Prince made his appearance at Genoa and at Milan, but pointedly ignored the existence of a national seat of Government at Turin, an affront to the realm as well as to royalty. Count Brasser de St. Simon, who had the honesty to hold himself as *bona fide* accredited to the Italian Court, let it his duty to represent to his employer the intention of the King, the parliament and public in that capital, what could bear but one construction, and we learn from Turin to-day that his removal from diplomatic functions was entirely occasioned by the martyr and indignant remonstrances he had forwarded to Von Bismarck."

LISBON.

A terrific accident has occurred on the Eastern Railway. A train with materials, and about 200 workmen, was passing over the bridge of Sor, when it suddenly gave way, and the whole were precipitated into the river. It is reported that about 100 were killed, and many wounded.

AMERICA.

The Confederate General "Stonewall" Jackson has joined General Lee at Fredericksburg. It is rumoured that the Confederate cavalry under General Stuart is on the north side of Rappahannock, moving between the Federal forces of Generals Burnside and Sedgwick.

A meeting has been held at the Produce Exchange for the relief of the distress in Lancashire. Speeches were made urging British and American philanthropy to meet half-way, and build up a new temple of reconciliation, in which Americans and Britons could join hands once more, and swear to be true to each other, and to all principles of civil and religious liberty.

The subscriptions on behalf of the Lancashire operatives reach over £17,000, and large quantities of grain.

The Federal gunboats are shelling the Confederates fifteen miles lower down, where they are concentrated. A battle has occurred at Fayetteville, Arkansas, between 7,000 Federals and 24,000 Confederates. The fight lasted all day, until the Federals were reinforced by 5,000 men, and fell upon the Confederate rear. The Confederates were then repulsed, and retreated across the Boston Mountains, the Federals remaining in possession of the field.

The steamer Alabama has captured and burnt the ship Starbuck, in lat. 35° 30', long. 66'; also the ship T. B. Walis, from Calcutta, in lat. 28° 30', long. 66'. The Alabama arrived at Martinique on the 17th ult., and landed the crew of the captured vessels. The Federal steamer San Jacinto arrived at Martinique the same afternoon, and waited outside the harbour for the Alabama. The Alabama, however, escaped from Martinique on the 18th.

A despatch from the American minister in St. Petersburg, states that Prince Gortschakoff told him, in October last, he thought the hope of reunion was daily growing less, and impressed upon him that Russia would regard a separation as the greatest misfortune. The prince stated that Russia would refuse to aid in intervention, but was most anxious for some means to be adopted to prevent separation.

A resolution has been proposed in Congress that an American war-vessel should accompany any ship carrying provisions for Lancashire, to protect her from pirates.

General Burnside having succeeded in constructing bridges across the Rappahannock, the Federals crossed and drove the Confederates out of the city to their line of works outside Fredericksburg. Since then no further news has been received.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER AND BISHOP COLENSO. The following letter has been addressed by the Bishop of Rochester to the Bishop of Natal:—

"Danebury Palace, Chelmsford, Dec. 9.
"My dear Bishop of Natal,—I am led to address you with real sorrow and under a painful sense of duty, to make the request that you will not, under any circumstances, be induced to take part in the religious services of the Church within the limits of my diocese. I have read and considered carefully your recent publication, with intense regret that you have been so grievously misled from the truths which you professed to hold at your ordination and subsequent consecration; and I see no other course to be pursued for the protection of the congregations and parishes entrusted to my care than to submit this remonstrance against your officiating in any church of my diocese. Neither the intimation given in the preface of your book (p. xxvii.), that you cannot comply with invitations to preach &c., nor the confidence I feel that no clergymen with whom I am officially connected who had read your book would invite you to minister in his parish, supersedes the necessity I feel for this letter.

"In no other manner can I divest myself of the responsibility I should incur if I heard of your officiating in these parts, than by a knowledge that I had emphatically protested against your doing so. I ought to add that it will not be possible to avoid some measure of publicity attending this communication, because it will be my duty to send a copy of it to my archdeacons for the information of the clergy.—I remain, &c.,
J. C. ROCHESTER."

Provincial News.

YORKSHIRE—SELLING A WIFE IN A MARKET PLACE—A novel and ludicrous scene was enacted by a farm servant named Holmes, residing in the neighbourhood of Newland, a short distance from Selby, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It appears that Holmes's wife, about two years ago left him, and took up her abode with another man, with whom, until very recently, she had cohabited. From some unknown cause the unfaithful spouse a few days since visited her husband, and tried to persuade him to accept her again, but, instead of an amicable arrangement being made between them, they quarrelled, and blows were struck. The wife summoned her husband before the magistrates, at the petty sessions, held at Selby, to answer the charge of assaulting her, and the defendant was fined 5s. and costs. Soon afterwards he was heard to express his intention of publicly selling his wife. He bought a horse's halter, and taking hold of his wife, placed it round her neck. In this manner he took her for sale, and ultimately sold her to her old paramour for a pint of ale. A large concourse of people assembled to witness the proceedings, which caused no little amusement.

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY—At York Assizes, Patrick Tormay, an Irishman, 27, was charged with rape upon Margaret Tracey, at Middlesborough, on the 28th of August last. Mr. Sheppard prosecuted: the prisoner had no counsel. The prosecutrix, a woman about thirty years of age, is a hawker of nuts, oranges, &c. On the day stated she was at Stockton-upon-Tees selling her commodities. She saw the prisoner, who made some indecent proposition to her, which she resented, and said she would inform a policeman of his conduct. At night, when the races concluded, she proceeded towards her home at Middlesborough. On the road she was overtaken by the prisoner and a number of men, some of whom seized her and threw her down. The prisoner violated her person while she was held down by some of the party. Every one of the villains, eleven at least in number, satisfied their just upon their helpless victim, who eventually became so exhausted that she almost lost her consciousness. Not content with their brutal conduct, one of the scoundrels exclaimed, "We've done with the—," and suggested that the prosecutrix should be thrown into a ditch close by; a proposition which was approved of, and the poor, helpless woman was forced there, the water in the ditch reaching up to her waist. She succeeded in getting out of her painful situation, and with difficulty scrambled back to Middlesborough, being at the time almost devoid of clothing, on account of being so brutally treated by her ravishers. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and the learned judge, in passing sentence, said in the whole course of his long experience he had never heard a case of so brutal a character. The sentence of the court was, that he be kept in penal servitude for life.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE—MURDER OF A POLICEMAN—At the Gloucestershire Assizes, before Mr. Justice Ryles, Robert Morgan, 27, labourer, was indicted for the wilful murder of Christopher Wickham, at the Welsh Back, Bristol, on Sept. 25th. On the night of the 3rd of August the deceased, who was in the Bristol force, was on duty in the Welsh Back, Bristol. The prisoner was behaving indecently to a woman in the street. The deceased interfered, and told him to go home quietly, and went on his beat, walking a little behind the prisoner. The prisoner, on reaching the corner of the street, waited for the policeman, who then told him if he didn't go home he should take him to the station house, and he laid his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder, who then kicked him on the shins and stabbed him in the neck, under the ear, cutting the carotid artery, and penetrating to another artery, and he died from the effects of the wound on the 25th September. The jury found a verdict of "Guilty of murder," with a recommendation to mercy, and the learned judge then passed sentence of death on the prisoner in the usual form. On leaving the dock, the prisoner, in answer to his lordship's "May the Lord have mercy on your soul!" said, "Thank you, my lord; I think He has."

SOMERSETSHIRE—THE LATE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF CHILD DESERTION AT BRISTOL—It will be recollect that, in September last, a remarkable case of child desertion was reported in the public journals, in which it was stated that while a young married woman was travelling in one of the carriages on the Great Western Railway, a female, who had a child in her arms, asked her to "take the baby," while she got some refreshments at Swindon, and "the mother" not appearing, the lady surmised that "the mother" had missed the carriage, and would be forthcoming at Bristol. Such, however, was not the fact. The mother did not appear, and the child, being left with the young lady, was taken by her to her father's house in Bristol, and there for some time remained, subsequently being removed to St. Peter's Hospital. Afterwards, at a meeting of the poor-law guardians, a woman residing at Chatterton-street, Bristol, went before the board, and stated that the young lady to whom the child had been given was in fact the actual mother, and had been confined at her house eleven months previously. This assertion was subsequently denied by the young lady and her father; and shortly afterwards the child in question was removed from the workhouse, and so far the matter ended. The denouement of this rather romantic drama of real life, however, took place at an inquest held before Mr. Sergeant Payne, at the Sportsman Tavern, South-wark Bridge-road, on the body of a male child, twelve months old, known as George Frederick Ross, but whose real name was discovered to be Hansell. Mr. Lewellyn, of Blackman-street, deposed that the child, which was about twelve months old, died from inflammation of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Mrs. Humphreys, a widow, living in George-street, said she had the child to nurse for ten months, and it had been brought back to her six weeks before it died. In reply to questions by the jury, the witness further stated that the mother of the child lived in Bristol. She understood that the sister of the lady gave the child away in a railway carriage as they were going to Bristol; and the reason why it was done was because she was about to get married, and wanted to get rid of the child, and it was taken to the Bristol Union, and there it remained five weeks. The sister of the mother of the child stated that the child was registered at Bristol in the name of George Frederick Hansell. Her sister's name was Elizabeth; she was single at the time the child was born, and in a situation. The child had been taken the greatest care of during the six weeks it was away. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence as to the cause of death, and the inquiry terminated.

A RELIC OF THE PAST IN HYDE-PARK—Perhaps few of the many who visit this park are aware that on the right-hand side of the carriage-drive, between the receiving house and the bridge, there still remains an interesting relic of the Stuart period. It is a tree, one of two planted by Charles II from acorns taken from the Boscobel oak in Somersete, in which his father successfully sought refuge, and were planted here to commemorate the event. They have both been dead some years, and one, much decayed, was removed in 1854; the other, beautifully clothed with ivy, which gives the appearance of life, still remains. In common with all the other trees in the park, it is protected by a fence of iron boulders, but surely a relic like this deserves a handsome and appropriate railing, with a descriptive brass plate affixed to point out to local historians this historical antiquity, not known only to local histo-

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE DUNDEE THEATRE.

On Saturday night, an episode not set down in the bills, was presented on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Dundee. Mr. Gardner Coyne was acting the part of *Jamie Fitzpatrick* in "The Bleak Hills of Ireland." Several of the audience were thinking, from the manner of the performance, that all was not right behind the scenes; and at last there was an explosion that showed their surmises had not been ungrounded. In the second act, immediately after the changing of the "wings," Mr. Coyne came forward and said: "I must stop the performances. Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to interrupt your pleasure in any way; but as Mrs. Caple has not, as usual, and as she has done every night this week, given a statement to my agent of what is in the house, I cannot go on with the piece. This is my fourth engagement in Dundee, and I have always done well, and I am sorry that on this occasion we should have to part in a way that is not quite regular." Tremendous applause and hooting followed this short statement, the house being well filled in all parts. Miss Goddard, lessee of the theatre, had followed Mr. Coyne on the stage, and for a minute or two after he had finished she patiently waited till the audience would give her a hearing. On the noise subsiding somewhat, she said she had never before been accused either in the profession or out of it of not having met all demands properly made against her. (Hear, from several gentlemen in the boxes.) With regard to Mr. Coyne, she said an engagement had been entered into with that gentleman to perform for twelve nights in the theatre under her management. In the early part of the week the house had not been so good as had been anticipated, and on Wednesday morning he had complained of them. She understood that the complaint was made only as a protest for his breaking his engagement with her, in order that he might fulfil one he had entered into since he had come to Dundee. (Several voices in the pit, "It's false, it's false.") Hissing and applause ensued for some minutes, and when Mr. Coyne was again heard he was speaking of the previous success of his performances in Dundee, and at the same time denouncing the stinginess (as he called it) of the present management, which refused him on Wednesday night 2½d, to buy three boxes of ham for his performance of "Handy Andy." Boasts of laughter followed this sally, one gentleman asking, "Were you worth it?" and another inquiring whether Mr. Coyne had got his supper before he came to the theatre. The scene that ensued almost baffles description. The whole house was in an uproar, Miss Goddard and Mr. Coyne remaining on the stage contending each other like two combatants, only waiting the opportunity of finishing their fight, while all sorts of questions were being put to each of them, and counsel of various kinds addressed to both. Mr. Harris, the stage-manager, afterwards came forward, and there was somewhat of a lull till he was asked to be allowed to say a few words "on behalf of Miss Goddard," when the uproar began afresh; and, though Mr. Coyne appeared, this time in *deshabille*, the matter in dispute was not in any way cleared up, as none of the explanations offered would be received. In a few minutes the curtain was raised, and the performances were brought to a conclusion without Mr. Coyne's assistance, and amidst a good deal of noise.—*Dundee Advertiser*

AN ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

THE following is a translation from an article in a French paper published at St. Petersburg:—

"Died at St. Petersburg, on the 26th of November, 1862, Mr. Thomas Budd Shaw, M.A., of Cambridge, Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Lyceum, and lecturer upon the same subject in our university. Mr. Shaw was only forty-nine years of age; he died of an aneurism. This distinguished man was one of the most worthy representatives of the British nation that we have ever had among us, and leaves behind him the unanimous regrets of the large circle of persons who had the advantage of knowing him. His happy and amiable temper and the firmness of his character acquired for him the attachment of those who were admitted to his intimacy, while his vast erudition, the originality and vivacity of his great intelligence, his talents as a writer, and his high moral qualities, to which was added a rare modesty, secured for him universal respect. We may add, that Mr. Shaw, whose talents were highly appreciated in his own country, has made some very good translations from our principal writers, and he has greatly contributed to make known in England the works of Poushkin, Lermontow, Ossol, and others. His funeral took place to-day (Monday, the 1st of December). A large number of persons assembled at eleven o'clock in the English church, where the service was performed preparatory to the interment. Their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, as well as the Princess of Leuchtenburg, attended the ceremony, honouring by their presence the memory of the eminent professor whose pupils they had been. We remarked among those assembled General Muller, director of the Lyceum, the students of the upper class of that establishment, and several former students of the Lyceum. Mr. Shaw was one of the professors the most beloved at the Lyceum, and the students themselves bore his mortal remains to their last resting-place, sharing this privilege with some private friends of the deceased. He was buried in the cemetery of Tentelewa. Mr. Bezobrazo, a former student at the Lyceum, and Mr. Machine, pronounced some touching words over the grave so prematurely opened, and M. Kireyevski, another student of the same establishment, recited some excellent verses, written by himself in English for the mournful occasion."

THE PERILS OF THE SEA.

THE Sophia Key, from Newcastle for Grimstad and Christiansand, was totally wrecked at Burra Firth, Island of Uist, on the evening of the 4th inst. From the report of the mate it appears that the missed stays while attempting to beat up the firth, and ran alongside of a rock, upon which the captain and four of the crew managed to scramble, two of whom were the same night washed off the rock and drowned. The rock is said to be some fifty or sixty yards from the shore. The captain and the two survivors remained on the rock from Thursday to Friday night without any prospect of assistance, when one of the men proposed, as the only alternative, to use his failing strength in attempting to swim to the shore, which with great difficulty he reached. The captain attempted to follow, but on reaching the shore was so exhausted as not to be able to obtain a footing, and, falling back, was seen no more. The poor fellow who had reached the shore, seeing all was over with the captain, succeeded, wet and weary, in climbing a precipice of about 120 feet high. After wandering about, he came upon the house of Mr. Magnus Winwich, where he met with every attention, and having told his tale, a boat was instantly manned and heroically pushed forward to the rock to rescue the remaining man, who was found in a very exhausted state. The mate was supposed to have gone down with the vessel. No attempt was made to look for the wreck that night, in consequence of the violence of the weather. Early next morning, however, they went off to look for the vessel, which they found sunk on a sandy bottom, part of the standing rigging and topmasts above the water, and the signal still flying. They then providentially came upon the mate, whom they found on a creek of a rock. The three survivors have quite recovered.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE illustrations in pages 181-5 represent the different phases of a "merry Christmas." In one we see a happy family collected in all its branches. There's grandpa nursing the baby on his knee, grown-up sisters providing for the amusements of the "young folk," and the juveniles themselves eagerly drawing for prizes from the Christmas tree. In the other illustration we see the cosy dinner-table, the game of blind man's buff, &c., whilst let us trust that the uppermost cut will serve to remind our wealthy readers that the destitute, the homeless, and the penniless should be cared for in this season of general rejoicing.

All Christian nations celebrate Christmas as a holiday, but none, perhaps, enter so fully and heartily into its festivities as the English. The Germans enjoy themselves most on Christmas-eve. Suppers are always prepared for midnight; and as the clock strikes twelve, the company give a vociferous "hoch!" which answers to our "hurrah!" and quaff bumper of beer or wine, according to the position in life and means of the company.

Christmas-day is not the great festival in France. The *jour de l'an*, or New Year's-day, is more of a holiday with all classes. It is then that a vast interchange of new year's gifts takes place, and the shops in Paris, and other large cities, are resplendent with *bombonniere*, &c. But, after all, there is nothing like an English Christmas, with its substantial fare and genuine jollity. Dundrearyism even relaxes into geniality at Christmas, and the most inane of "swells" may absolutely be detected indulging in a laugh. The consumption of poultry is enormous, as the Saturday preceding Christmas-day, no less than 10,000 turkeys and geese were on sale in Leadenhall Market, whilst at the poultry depots of lesser importance the exhibition was also very great. We identify the Christmas holidays with feasting and good cheer, and God grant that next year the cheerfulness amongst our manufacturing population may be a mere gladsome one in this.

It is the custom for English sovereigns to set a good example of charity to their subjects, by distributing bounties to the poor at Christmas. Five hundred poor old men and women, over sixty years of age, are presented, at Christmas, with 5s. each; this year, two of the recipients were one hundred years of age, and seven past ninety.

Christmas is a famous period for the theatres; and the crush on Boxing-night, to witness the first of the pantomimes, is one of the sights of the season. Perhaps there is nothing more cheering to contemplate than the laughing faces of those rows of children that fill the theatres at Christmas, and laugh till they are tired at the roller-skates of clown, the scutty of pantaloons, gaze with bewildered admiration at the spangles of harlequin, and clap their little hands in ecstasies when the splendours of the transformation scenes are slowly and gradually revealed.

A "Merry Christmas" in England is, indeed, a family festival that we hope and trust will be maintained, in all its genuine hilarity, until time shall be no more.

RAILWAY COLLISION NEAR MANCHESTER.

The express train from London to Manchester on Saturday night was nearly annihilated when within about four and a half miles of its destination. It left the Euston Station as usual at five o'clock p.m., and was due at Manchester at 10 p.m. It was nearly twenty minutes behind time on passing Heaton Norris (Stockport) and had only proceeded a short distance beyond that station when the engine and carriages left the metals. From what cause the train went off the rails is not known, but it went off on the out or westerly side. It is believed that the points were at fault at the junction of the line to Goode-bridge. Owing to the line being ballasted at this part with sand, the train was brought to a stand without much damage either to the carriages or passengers, and the guard, whose van was next to the engine, ran towards the rear of the train with his red (danger) lamp. Almost before he could get there, however, an engine came up behind, and ran into the train with great force, almost smashing the whole of it to atoms. The train consisted of two first-class and a second-class carriage, besides the van. One of the first-class was broken through the middle, the wheels were knocked off, and the body knocked almost into splinters. The second-class carriage was also a complete wreck, the only portion of it left above the bed of the carriage being one single partition (the centre one). All the carriages were thrown into or across a deep trench by the side of the line, intended to drain it. The engine which completed this catastrophe was a pilot engine following the express, and it is said the driver states that, seeing the tail-light of the express train had suddenly disappeared in front of him, he concluded that the express was further in advance than he had supposed, and gone round the curve at Levenshulme, a mile ahead. He then put on steam and consequently the collision was the more severe. It was a dark and stormy night, and it is supposed that, when the express got off the line, either its lights were extinguished by the jumping of the train, or were hidden from the driver of the following engine by the abutments of a bridge. Both engines were damaged, but that of the express not so badly as the other one. The passengers (of whom there were fortunately but few) escaped better than might have been expected. So far as we can learn, none were killed but several were badly injured.

ESCAPE FROM A NAPLES PRISON—On the 12th inst. eight prisoners escaped from the Vicaria prison. They tied some iron bars of a window looking upon the street and got out. A sentry whose duty it was to have given the alarm let them go un molested; but he was a member of the old Bourbon army, and is supposed to have been in connivance with them. He is arrested, as is also the second turnkey. The men who have escaped were all robbers or murderers, and the most dangerous characters in the prison.

LONGEVITY—There died at Cross-gate, New Deer, on the 6th inst., Sophia Lillie, widow of Alex. Uson, formerly resident in New Pitsligo, in the 104th year of her age. She retained all her faculties unimpaired till within a few months of her death. There died at Cuminestown on the 8th inst., Isabella Gray, wife of Mr. James Watson, shoemaker, in her 90th year. This worthy and respectable couple lived together in conjugal union in the same house for the unprecedented period of sixty-seven years. There is still living near the western boundary of the parish of New Deer, a man whose age only wants seven years to complete the century. He is still able to move about, and excepting he is rather dull of hearing, he is in complete possession of his faculties. About a short mile to the eastward lives a woman still two years older, but she has been confined to her bed for some time past, though otherwise in moderate health and perfectly sensible. On the estate of Hatton Castle, in the parish of Monquhitter, there resides, within thirty yards of the spot where she was born, a woman who has lived there in a state of contented celibacy for considerably upwards of ninety years. She is still able to walk about and is possessed of a large share of intelligence and conversational power.—*Advertiser Journal*.

A FEAT OF ARMS—A feat of arms (says the *Advertiser Journal*) has just been performed in Senegal which is worthy of mention. A detachment of 14 French marines, under the command of a sergeant named Burg, who were entrenched in the post of Kadash, kept in check for four hours, and finally repulsed, a body of 3,000 fanatics, under the orders of two desperate chiefs, named Alaba and Macédo. When the enemy retired before such an heroic resistance, there were found lying round the post the bodies of 250 men and 70 horses. The remainder of the army had fled in disorder across the column.

SKETCHES IN CHINA.

We give on this page engravings, illustrative of China, certainly one of the most interesting countries in the world, the interest arising probably from its having been up to a recent period so secluded from the nations of the earth.

Pekin, the capital of the Chinese empire, is situated in the northern part of the province of Petchell, about twenty-six miles to the south of the Great Wall, a portion of which is represented in one of our engravings. The city stands in a sandy, arid plain, bounded westward by a chain of lofty mountains, from which descend some small streams, by which part of the plain is watered; and one of these, entering the city on the north, divides into several arms surrounding the imperial palace and forming some artificial lakes, at length, reuniting its waters, it falls into the Peiho twenty miles east of Pekin. The streets are for the most part broad, running in straight lines, and the houses are low, often of only one storey.

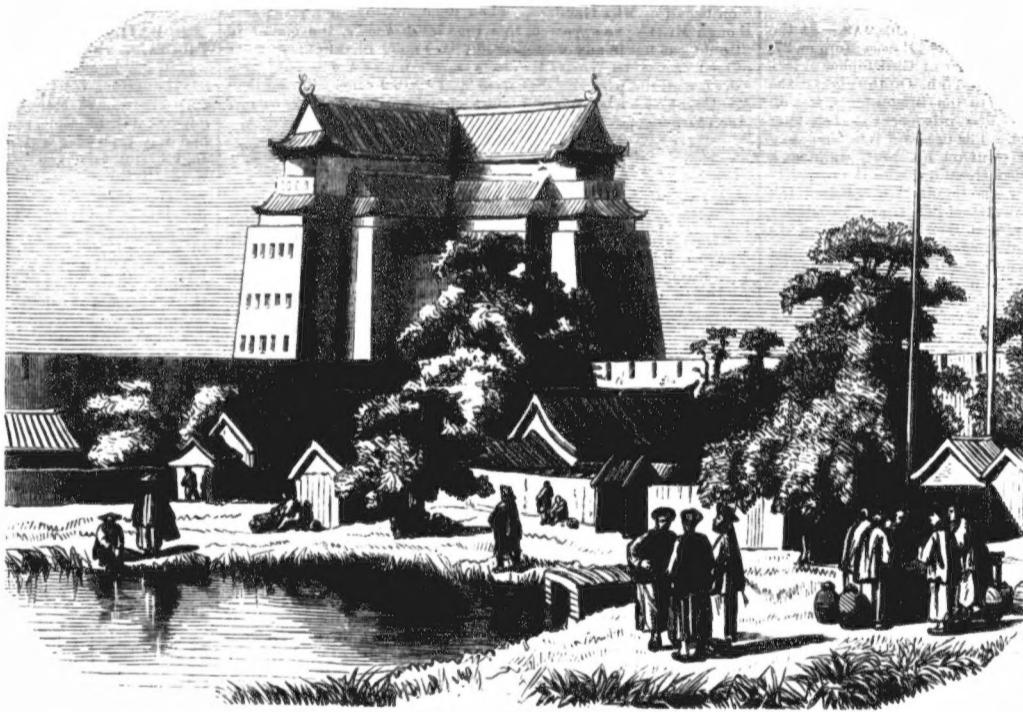
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

We spent a few days recently in Washington city, and while there saw many things and heard many things which to us seemed very suggestive evidence of the extraordinary progress with which the nation is rushing on in its history. The presence of an armed guard at the gates of the executive mansion every morning, and the care taken to keep strangers outside of the approaches to the building, was to us something new. Upon inquiry we ascertained that this guard was only employed to keep strangers out until the President should arrive from the Soldiers' Home, where he has resided for many months. His arrival and departure from the Executive mansion are, notwithstanding the melancholy suggestions they render, remarkable. We saw him leave the building on Sunday afternoon, and the manner was as follows:—About half-past five a mounted guard, numbering some thirty or more troopers, all armed with drawn sabres, extensive spears, dangling and rattling scabbards, fierce beards, and revolvers stuck in their holsters, dashed furiously through the streets and entered the ground north of the President's house. At the steps in front of the door, and under the archway, was a carriage. The officer, or one of the officers, of the mounted guard alighted and entered the house. In about ten minutes he appeared at the door, and, giving the signal, the carriage door was opened, the guards put themselves in martial attitudes, commands were given, and then the President, bending under a weight of mental anxiety which has worked heavily upon his physical frame, appeared with a portfolio under his arm, and, with one or more soldiers at each side, walked rapidly to the carriage and entered it. Two officers jumped in also, the door was slammed, and the guard galloped into position, and the carriage containing the President of the United States was driven off, preceded by troopers, followed by troopers, and flanked on both sides by troopers. At a very rapid pace the party left the ground, and upon reaching the avenue proceeded at a rapid gallop up Fourteenth-street towards the Soldiers' Home. All this, we confess, appear to us to be very ridiculous. Even Mr. Buchanan, whose conscience, if it ever caused a President a thought as to his personal safety, ought, perhaps, to have been troubled as much as that of any one who ever held the office, never seemed to fear assassination or personal violence, but habitually walked, unattended, to all parts of the city. But justice to Mr. Lincoln and to those who may have advised him to this proceeding requires that the reasons for the proceeding—we mean the reasons furnished by public gossip—should also be given. One story runs that as the President was returning to the city on horseback one morning some months ago, he was fired at just within the city limits; that the President escaped, and that with whip, voice, heels, and every other appliance used upon his horse, that animal made such time to the President's house as had never been equalled before. In the run the President lost his hat, and did not stop to recover it, but reached his house breathless and dust-covered. The official report of the occurrence was that the horse of the President had become frightened and ran off with him. The next story is, that as Mr. Lincoln was riding towards the Soldiers' Home late in the afternoon, and when he had entered the narrow and once shady lane west of that building, he was fired upon twice by a man who stood behind the fence on the side of the road. The President escaped unhurt, but his horse was slightly wounded. The alarm was given, the man was overtaken, and is now confined in some one of the many Government prisons where the order to commit is not required to name the cause of arrest. We repeat that we give only the current stories of the metropolis as to the alleged attempt to assassinate Mr. Lincoln. If he has no fear of personal violence or insult, then this mounted guard is in very bad taste. It is a step towards royal dignity that is ridiculous. We cannot believe that it was ever suggested or provided by Mr. Lincoln. Whoever advised him, or whoever forced it upon him, has done an act calculated more than all things (if no danger to the President really existed) to make the President ridiculous in the eyes of his countrymen. We cannot bring our mind to the belief that any sane man ever has or ever will attempt the assassination of the President.

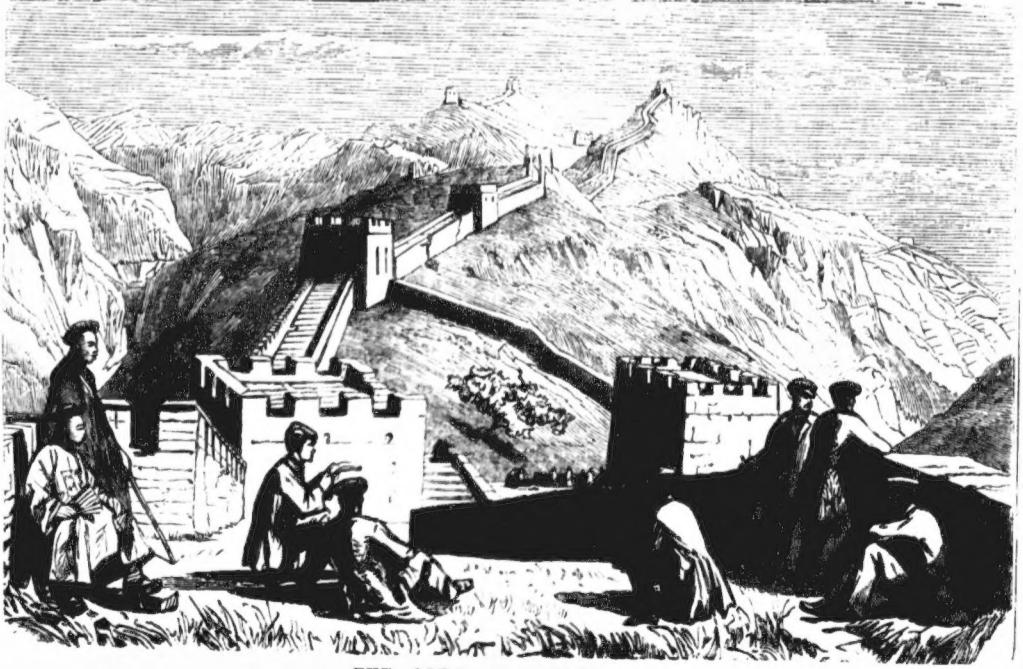
SKETCHES IN CHINA.



A CHINAMAN AND HIS CHILD.



THE TOWER OF PEKIN.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The flight through Baltimore, with a long cloak and Scotch cap, has been laughed into contempt, and it is to be hoped that the President's advisers will not force him into any further repetitions of that absurdity. For over eighty years the Union has lasted without an army to enforce its laws or to compel obedience to its Constitution. For the same period the Presidents of the Republic have lived through their terms unawed by threats and untroubled by attempts at personal violence. Their security has been in the honour and respect of the whole people for the officer chosen by the majority to govern the nation. At last it has become necessary to call arms into existence to put down armed resistance to the laws and the Constitution. Let us hope that, even in the destruction of Union, Constitution, laws, Government, and nationality, the world will not be shocked by the spectacle of a people who, unable to bear the weight of adversity, have relapsed into barbarism, and made the dagger and the bullet the law of the land, and given to the assassin's hand the sceptre of power. Let us hope that this armed guard of Mr. Lincoln is only a passing show, got up for the amusement of a gaping crowd, and that it has not, and never has had, any foundation in a fear by the President or any of his friends that he was in danger of assassination.—*Chicago Post*.

DISTRESS IN THE NORTH

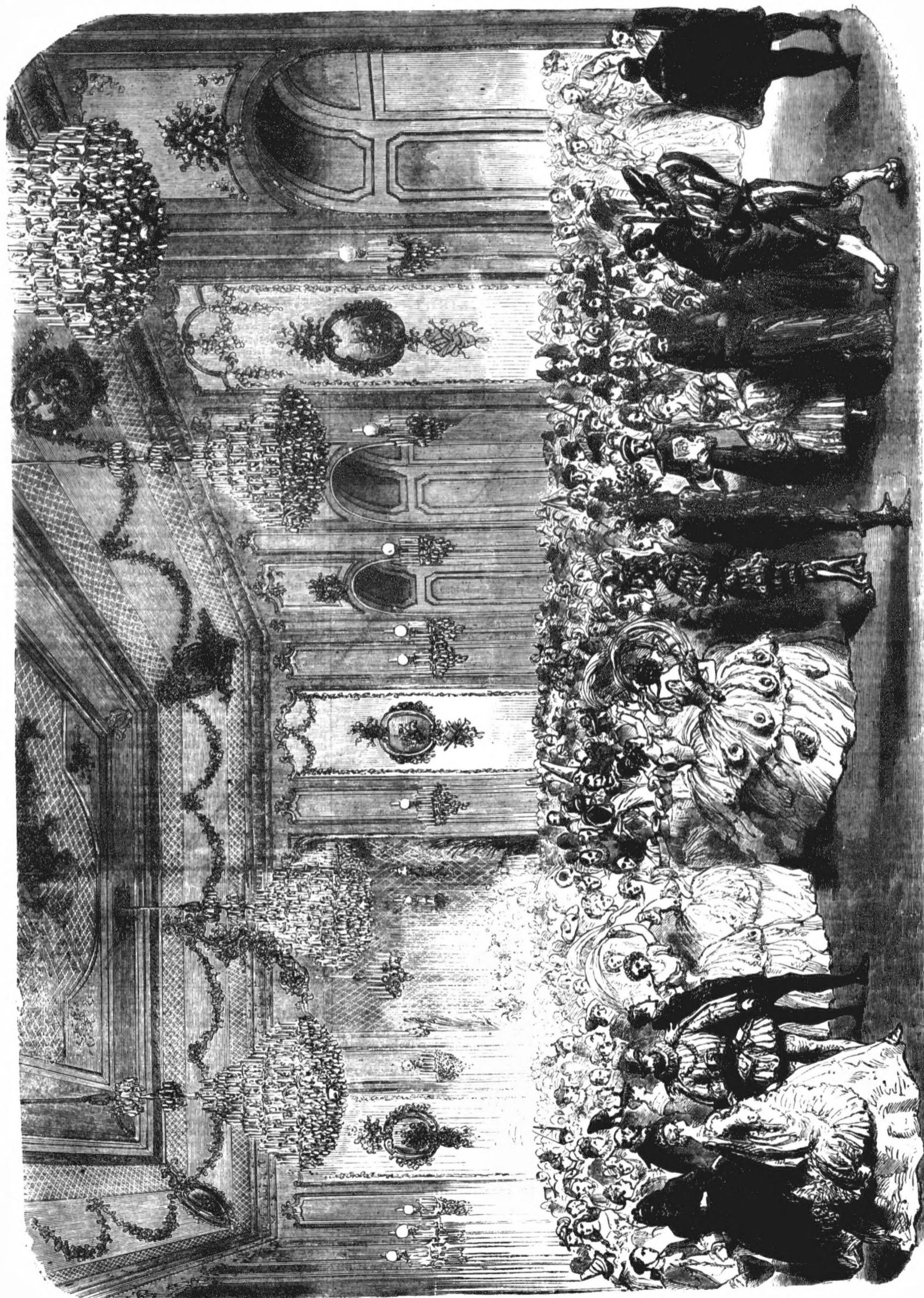
The following is from a Manchester letter:—

"The subscriptions come pouring in here at the rate of about £3,000 a-day, and up to last night the total amount received at Manchester in round numbers would be £400,000. Neither is there any cessation in the immense bales of clothing and blankets which arrive daily. The general character of the articles sent improves, too, and people seem to have discovered that it is only imposing an useless labour on the railway companies, and on the packers and porters, to send such things as uniform coats, liveries, ball dresses, smoking caps, steel petticoats, gauze or net shawls, Dundreary dressing-gowns, kid slippers, &c., which at first were so thoughtlessly mixed up with the really useful flannel shirts, peacocks, shooting-jackets, stuff dresses, thick shawls, and warm petticoats. I am afraid that at least twenty-five per cent of the articles which first arrived will never be distributed, for I have not visited a local store yet which has not its curiosity-room full of the strangest contributions, fit more for a theatrical wardrobe than to shelter a working population from the rigour of winter. Some of the committees have already sold whatever of this kind was saleable, and bought blankets and linsey petticoats with the money. Others have scruples of conscience and religiously preserve everything sent to them, though there

cannot be the remotest chance of getting rid of it. When the distress is over, there will be a fine stroke of business to be done down here by those obliging ladies and gentlemen who are always advertising their readiness to clear out our wardrobes on the most advantageous terms. I don't know whether an information would lie against the Central Committee for selling game without a license, but I really do not see in what other way they could so profitably dispose of the numerous batches of pheasants, &c., which now reach them from all parts. Of venison, too, they have had several consignments, and, to sink down to humbler but more useful articles of food, they are continually being advised of the despatch of such things as potatoes, turnips, herrings, preserved meats, &c. Packets of tea, cocoas, and even soap, are often found in the bales of clothing. Everything is turned to some use, though it is rather puzzling occasionally to distribute a pound of tea or half a dozen bars of soap among a hundred committees."

THE MODERN CURFEW.—We want a little more common sense in the magistracy. When the streets are so unsafe, and ruffianly assault upon women so rife, what is to be thought of Mr. Commissioner Kerr's dictum at the Criminal Court, that no girls having respect for themselves would be out after eight o'clock? Why, how many thousands of virtuous girls are obliged to be out after that hour by the conditions of the service by which they earn their bread. How many servant girls are out of errands, how many shop girls also, and returning from their day's work; how many dressmakers who have been kept at their monotonous labours for many hours to finish some hasty order. And Commissioner Kerr encourages the treatment of these poor helpless creatures as loose women by the preposterous dictum we have quoted. It passed, however, upon a stupid jury, who acquitted a couple of fellows who had assaulted two girls in a very suspicious way, and who, whether with felonious intent or not, had treated them with indecent violence. "We have nothing to be robbed of," cried one of the girls with touching simplicity; but in the defence an attempt was made to rob them of their only little possession—their characters. And it might have succeeded upon the strength of the judicial dictum that virtue does not go out after eight, if decisive testimony to good repute had not fortunately been forthcoming.—*Examiner*.

WE understand that the Dolphine and the Neptune, both well-known steamers on the Clyde, have just been sold, it is believed, to agents of the Confederate Government.



FESTIVITIES AT COMPEIGNE—THE FANCY BALL. (See page 182.)

UNPARALLELED MEETING IN IRELAND.

A MEETING was recently summoned at Tralee, to devise means to aid in the relief of the distress in the North, and it was presided over by the high sheriff of the county.

The Right Hon. Colonel HERBERT, M.P., moved the first resolution, but was interrupted during the whole of his speech by storms of yells, groans, and hisses. Towards the close of his speech Colonel Herbert proceeded to read a passage from a letter of the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, bearing testimony to the ready manner in which subscriptions were given him in England for the relief of the destitute poor of Kerry, and expressing his deep gratitude to the English nation. It was difficult to follow statements from the great confusion which prevailed. That letter, he said, is my answer to the statement made that this relief was given to Protestants. (Cries of "Sit down.") There a determined effort was made to put Colonel Herbert down. The shouting and groaning was so continued that it was almost impossible a word he said could be heard.

A voice: Do you expect a peroration for this?

Colonel HERBERT: No; I would rather represent you, and I am sure you will vote with me at the next election. [Colonel Herbert remained for about five minutes waiting for the subsidence of the hooting and groaning which followed his last remark; but, as the vehemence of the audience seemed to increase rather than diminish, he was prevailed upon by his friends to conclude by moving the resolution he had read.]

The motion was seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. MORIARTY, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, whose speech was received in a somewhat more orderly manner, but still with some confusion.

The O'DONOGHUE, who was received with hooting and cries of "bravo," moved the amendment, "That while we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by this meeting, to express our sympathy with the distress which is said to exist in certain districts in England, we are also fully sensible that the fearful destitution prevailing under our own eyes, amongst our own friends, neighbours, and countrymen at home, has a first and irresistible claim on our charity." (Great cheering.) He said: Some few might think that we ought, first of all, to contribute our money to the relief of the distress in Lancashire; whilst others might think, with me, that we ought, first of all, to contribute our money to the relief of distress at home (great cheering).

A voice: More power to you. (Cheers.)

The O'DONOGHUE: I am aware, fellow-countrymen, that the motives which have induced me to move this amendment may, possibly, be misrepresented. In that case I must look to you to do me justice.

Mr. E. O'SULLIVAN: And we'll stand by you, never fear. (Cries of "Hurrah, hurrah," and cheering.)

The O'DONOGHUE: I am actuated solely by a motive to do my duty to the poor of my native country. (Immense applause.)

A voice: 'Tis a murder we can't have you to ourselves. (Laughter and cheering.)

The O'DONOGHUE: I am actuated solely by a motive to supply what I consider to be a grievous omission—to place on record, by a public vote of this great county meeting, that we are not insensible to the appalling poverty which stands shivering and famishing at the corners of our streets, and which lies hid in our lanes and alleys. (Cheers.) And in doing this I hope to set an example which shall not be without its beneficial effect on the people of Kerry and Ireland. (Applause.) Although a very humble—

A voice: "Humble!" You're a prince! (Deafening cheers.)

The O'DONOGHUE: Although a very humble individual, I feel I am justified, indeed.

Mr. E. O'SULLIVAN: Oh, you're the highest man in Ireland, sir (cheering); and the noblest, too. (Continued cheering.)

A voice: Three cheers for Edward O'Sullivan. (Huzzas.)

A voice: Mr. O'Donoghue (laughing), you ought to come to Kerry entirely, sir, and unseat Herbert altogether. (More huzzing.)

At the close of The O'Donoghue's speech, which was accompanied throughout by similar expressions of approval.

The High Sheriff put the resolution of Colonel Herbert, amidst a scene of indescribable disorder and tumult. The "noes" were in a vast majority.

Mr. E. O'SULLIVAN: Now, put The O'Donoghue's amendment.

The HIGH SHERIFF: I will put it as a subsequent resolution, though I don't see anything in it as The O'Donoghue says contrary in spirit to the first.

The demand was renewed to put the amendment, but the High Sheriff continued his refusal, and continued shouting. He said: I see nothing incompatible with one resolution, why they both should not be carried. (No, no.) As well as I understand, you wish to put both resolutions?

Several voices: No, the amendment.

A voice: Subscribe money, and give half to both (shouting).

Mr. O'SULLIVAN: Oh, d— your s—, keep quiet.

The HIGH SHERIFF again proceeded to put the original resolution, and had gone as far as the words "the working classes in the cotton manufacturing districts in Lancashire, have strong claims on our sympathy," when the crowd, who, up to that time did not know what resolution he was reading, burst out in a fearful roar, and refused to hear any more of it.

On the demand being again renewed to put the amendment, amid dreadful screaming and shouting.

The HIGH SHERIFF said a meeting was called for a special purpose, from which he could not wander. (Shouting.)

Mr. O'SULLIVAN (standing up, waving his hat, and swinging himself around): If the High Sheriff does not put The O'Donoghue's resolution first, I'll move that he leave the chair.

The most deafening, frantic uproar followed these remarks. The High Sheriff, immediately on their being uttered, rose and left the court-house, followed by all the gentlemen who had been on the bench. The O'Donoghue also withdrew. In the hurry of all to leave the court-house men and boys tumbled over one another down the gallery, and it is a marvel that broken heads and legs were not the consequence. An immense crowd, however, remained, who resolved themselves into a second meeting, at which the amendment was carried with acclamation.

A DANGEROUS ELEPHANT.—On Tuesday, a serious accident occurred at Alnwick on the entrance of Mander's collection of wild beasts into that town. The carriage containing the musicians, drawn by elephants and camels, had reached the Green Gate, and was resting there, when one of the elephants was taken out to assist some of the heavier carriages up Hopetoun-street, which had rather a steep incline. While the former carriage was standing, one of the keepers commenced to tease the remaining elephant, which became highly irritated, and when the men were reharnessing the other elephant, on its return from assisting the carriages, the one which had been excited seized the keeper with its trunk, and threw him up into the air, caught him again as he was falling, and threw him on the ground, and placed his foot on the breast of the keeper to crush him, when fortunately he was extricated from his perilous position. There was a crowd of people present, and a rush was made to see what was doing. A number of persons were thrown down, and the wheels of the carriage passed over two women, who, besides others, were severely injured, but none fatally. The elephant is described as being usually very quiet and docile.—*New st. 4 voice.*

An amateur concert was given recently in aid of the Lancashire operatives, at the Forest Gate Schools, and went off with great eclat. The brilliant pianoforte playing of a lady, a pupil of Madame Dulcken, excited general admiration.

THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

It is unnecessary to inform our readers that a wide-spread and still increasing amount of distress prevails in the Manufacturing Districts, on account of the failure of the supply of cotton from the Southern States of America. The knowledge that such distress does exist, and that numerous families are suffering the direst privations at this inclement season, is sufficient to excite the sympathy of all our readers. But even amongst these readers there may be many whose means will not allow them to give much, but who would cheerfully contribute a little. Therefore, in opening at our Office a Subscription List for

THE LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE RELIEF FUND.

We wish to be expressly understood that the smallest contribution will be welcomed and will be duly acknowledged.

The List of Donations will be published weekly in this journal, and the amount received will be regularly paid over to the Mansion House Committee.

The Lord Mayor's receipt for the sums will also be published.

NOTE.—All contributions must be enclosed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, a

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Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.	
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
27	S. St. John	6 24	6 47
28	S 1st Sunday after Christmas	7 9	7 34
29	Thomas a Becket assassinated, 1171	8 2	8 34
30	T The Old Pretender died, 1765	9 8	9 42
31	W East India Company established, 1600	10 18	10 52
1	T Circumcision	11 30	—
2	F Lavater died, 1801	0 2	0 30

MOON'S CHANGES.—First Quarter, 27, 11h. 44m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Isaiah 37, Acts 25.

EVENING. Isaiah 38, 1 John 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

A WIDOW.—Being the administratrix, you can sell all the personal property including leaseholds, but not the freehold property; that will go to your eldest son, and he can take possession at twenty-one years of age. Out of the personal property you are entitled to one-third; the rest is divisible among all your children.

A STRICKNER (York).—Indian ink is a misnomer. It is manufactured in China entirely from lampblack and glutin, with the addition of a little musk to give it a more agreeable odour.

A TENANT.—Bloomsbury-square owes its origin to the Earl of Southampton, the father of the virtuous Lady Rachel Russell.

ENQUIRIES.—The first monument erected in St. Paul's was that of Howard.

A DUPED TRADESMAN.—A father can be compelled to pay for reasonable necessities supplied for a son under age. But where the son resides at home, special circumstances must be proved, such as the son not being properly provided with clothing, &c.

ADVISER.—Writer in Scotland is a term of nearly the same meaning as attorney in England, and is generally applied to all legal practitioners who do not belong to the bar, although it has of late become customary to substitute for it the term solicitor.

THE PANTOMIMES.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS for Saturday, January 3rd, 1853, will contain, in addition to the usual Illustrated News, a

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

THE account of the great meeting at the New York Chamber of Commerce in aid of the Lancashire operatives is peculiarly refreshing at the present crisis, and can hardly fail to excite the gratitude and admiration of all right-thinking Englishmen. The large rooms of the association were crowded; the general tone of the speakers was cordial even to heartiness, while the spirit that pervaded the assembly appears to have been thoroughly generous and sympathetic. The literal sum of £5,000 was subscribed on the spot by a few of the leading merchants who were present, and it is estimated that in the city of New York alone the subscriptions will soon reach £70,000, if not more. Contributions were freely offered in kind—in corn, clothes, and the means of trans-

port—as well as in money. A letter read at the meeting from one shipping firm, for example, placed at the service of the committee a new vessel of eighteen hundred tons free of charge, while large contributions of flour and clothes were promised. It seems clear, too, from the facts stated by different speakers, that the meeting is only the beginning of a general movement on behalf of our suffering classes amongst the Northern cities and States, New York, as usual, taking the lead. The first speaker intimated this at the outset of his address:—"I believe, sir, that we are all animated by but one sentiment and one spirit in assembling here to day. There seems to have been throughout the city and country a simultaneous feeling that something should be done by the citizens of this country in behalf of the suffering poor across the water. I suppose that we have met here to-day, sir, for the purpose of giving direction to this outburst of feeling throughout the country, and giving it such direction as shall result in the accumulation of a fund for this purpose that may do credit to the city of New York and to the United States." While the feeling is thus hearty and unanimous, the language of the speakers, no doubt, here and there betrays a mixture of motive, that is, however, after all, natural and innocent enough. There is as usual, a touch of national vanity, and that self-consciousness with regard to the opinion of others which is so characteristic of the American people. But beneath these lighter sentiments that naturally float to the surface on public occasions, the feeling displayed by the speakers was manly, generous, and in the best sense disinterested. This movement amongst the citizens of New York is a proof not only of deep, genuine sympathy for their suffering kinsmen on this side of the Atlantic, but of good feeling towards the country at large. The letter of the shipping firm we have referred to, that of Messrs. Griswold, after urging that a national subscription be set on foot "for the purchase of a cargo of food to be sent to our suffering friends," goes on to add, this "donation should be intended not only as a relief to her suffering subjects, but as a token of our respect for the Queen, and of her friendship for the United States." The spirit that animated the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce is reflected in the press. The *New York Commercial Advertiser*, referring to the movement, says:—"Let the good work, so favourably inaugurated yesterday, go on from North to South, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, city vying with city, and State with State. It is enough that hundreds of thousands of those who have a common nature, origin, language, religion, civilization, and common sympathies with ourselves, are hungry, cold, naked, and sick. We have the means of relief; let them not be withheld or delayed. 'He gives twice who gives quickly.' It may no doubt be said that the claim of our suffering operatives on the kindly consideration of the American people is at this trying crisis in the history of both peoples peculiarly strong. Their very silence is no doubt in itself an eloquent appeal for sympathy and help."

THE new Italian Ministry is justifying the expectations of those who predicted that it would find a way of restoring the independence and dignity of the Government. Obviously one of the first things to be done was to close the melancholy series of pretended negotiations about Rome in which the duplicity of the Emperor of the French had engaged it, to the detriment of Italy and to the discredit of the King. This has now been done. It would appear as if this belief had been entertained at the Tuilleries, that after all the experience of the last two years the Emperor had only to propose a new form of diplomatic trifling to lead the Italians again in the old round of deception and disappointment. The anticipation has not proved correct. The ministers of Victor Emmanuel perfectly understand the conditions of the Roman question; they know that Italy can only gain its capital from the justice and good-will of France; but in their view that is no reason why their nation should be played with and humiliated even by the Master of Legions. Accordingly, we learn that both at Paris and at Turin the agents of the Emperor have been informed that the present policy of France is such that the Italian Government must respectfully decline to enter upon negotiations with it respecting Rome. By this act the Ministry recovers for the Italian Government the respect both of Italy and of Europe—we may add, also, of France. The Italian Ministers must find a new starting point for their treatment of the Roman question; but the first thing they had to do was to raise the Government out of the slough into which it had fallen, and vindicate its independence. This they have now done, and if it pleases Louis Napoleon to amuse himself further with tendering "reforms" to Cardinal Antonelli, and receiving inevitable refusals, Italy at least will sustain no part in this comedy.

THE FANCY BALL AT COMPEIGNE.

The cut in page 181 represents one of these gorgeous *fêtes* with which Louis Napoleon is accustomed periodically to entertain his friends and followers. The country Palace of Compeigne contains magnificent suites of apartments, all of which were recently thrown open on the occasion of a grand fancy ball given by the Emperor.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

THE Court of Assizes of the Gironde, says *Galignani* has just tried an old man named Doegu, aged 78, for the murder of his wife, aged 63, by discharging a gun at her. The prisoner, who was a labourer, and lived at Bouscous, in the above department, was a man of violent temper, and had always been extremely jealous of his wife, apparently without the slightest reason, and as they advanced in years his jealousy seemed to increase. On Sunday the 2nd ult., after high words had passed between him and his wife, in consequence of his accusing her of immoral conduct with her own son, the prisoner seized a gun and shot her dead. He then attempted to commit suicide with an old sword he had in his possession, but was arrested before he accomplished his purpose. When interrogated by the examining magistrate, he alleged his wife's conduct towards her son as a justification of his crime. As both his wife and son protested against this charge, and maintained that he was under a delusion, suspicions were entertained as to his sanity, and professional men were called in to ascertain the state of his mind. They, however, reported that he was as sane as a man could be who under the influence of ungovernable passion, and he was accordingly committed for trial. While in prison he attempted to commit suicide, and it was found necessary to watch him day and night. In court the prisoner repeated the same story, but as he could not produce a single fact in support of it, the jury considered it unworthy of credit, and accordingly brought in a verdict of "Guilty," but allowed him the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and the court sentenced him to twelve years' imprisonment.

General News.

A PARIS letter contains the following anecdote:—⁴ There was a picture sale on Tuesday. The crier brought forward a wretched daub, heralding its praises as 'An Interior by Gavarni.' Now, unfortunately, Gavarni, the famous painter, was in the room. 'What do you mean by calling that wretched daub Gavarni's?—he never saw it.'—'Hold your tongue, monsieur,' bawled out the stentorian auctioneer. 'This is too much,' replied the celebrated artist; 'I am Gavarni. Surely I must know my own works—I declare that I never saw this painting before.'—⁴ It matters nothing, sir; whoever you may be, you have not the right to disturb the sale, nor to deprecate the value of articles for sale, and if you presume again to interfere I shall order you to be turned out; and the crier again bawled out 'An interior, by Gavarni'."

As a gang of convicts, under the supervision of a warden named Deane, were employed in the junk store of Portsmouth dockyard, one of the fellows, named Fraz r, made a ferocious attack upon the warden, flinging him to the ground with the osier ring of a 'Jacob's ladder,' and kicking him severely while on the ground. He was speedily secured and removed to the convict prison adjoining the dockyard. Deane was removed to the hospital for medical treatment.

WE have to announce the death of Lord Monson, of Burton Hall, in the county of Lincoln, and Gatton Park, Surrey. His lordship was the only son of Colonel the Hon. William Monson, M.P. for Lincoln city; he was born in 1796, married in 1828 to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Larken, succeeded as sixth baron in 1841, on the death of his cousin, Frederick John, fifth lord. He is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son, the Hon. William John Monson, born in 1829, at present M.P. for Reigate.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Dublin Daily Express* reports the following daring post robbery:—"On Thursday evening last, as the man who carries the mail-bags from Richmond harbour to Longford was proceeding to the latter town, he was attacked by ten or twelve men who assaulted and robbed him of some silver, about £1, he had in his possession. They then deliberated what was to be done with him, when they proposed to kill him, and were about proceeding to execute their purpose when the police, who were fortunately lying in ambush close to the place, interposed, and succeeded in arresting the parties, who have been fully committed for trial at the next assizes.

STONEWALL JACKWALL is reported to have delivered to his troops a discourse upon a text from Joel, chapter ii, verse 20, as follows:—"But I will remove far off from you the Northern army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill-savour shall come up, because he hath done great things."

THE engineers at the Edmund's Main Colliery have met to consult as to the reopening the pit to recover the dead. A few minutes after they had decided not to enter the pit, at present another terrific explosion occurred. It was afterwards determined to partially fill up the cupola shaft and seal the mouths of the other two shafts, and flood the entire pit with water. The recovery of the bodies is delayed for months, and no more lives are lost.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by Government to inquire into the working of the laws relating to penal servitude, especially as connected with their efficiency or otherwise as a means of preventing outrages on persons and protecting property. We have reason to believe that the following noblemen and gentlemen will constitute the commission:—Earl Grey, Lord Naas, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chelmsford, Sir John Packington, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Henley, Mr. Bouverie, Sir A. Cockburn, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Russell Gurney (the Recorder for London), the O'Connor Don, and Mr. Chidley. It is understood that they will commence their labours immediately on the reassembling of parliament.

ON Saturday the mortal remains of Police-constable Daniel Collins, 367 N, one of the mounted police, who died suddenly about an hour after he left duty, were interred in Highgate Cemetery. A procession of more than one hundred police-constables on foot, besides several of the mounted police, headed by Mr. Superintendent Mott, and Inspectors Judge and Wiseman, followed the corpse to its last resting-place.

ON Saturday, Mary Lee, aged seventy-six years, of No. 16, Mount-street, Whitechapel, was crossing the carriage-way in Church-lane, near the High-street, when she slipped down, and a cart belonging to Mr. Cole, of John-street, Minories, passed over her legs, whereby she received a compound fracture of both legs. She was removed to the London Hospital, where she expired shortly after her admission.

WE understand that on Wednesday Mr. H. G. Lawson had the honour of an interview with Lord Palmerston at his seat, Broadlands, Hants, and of tendering to the noble lord the invitation of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to include this city in his expected early visit to Scotland. The noble lord received the invitation with great cordiality, and expressed the gratification which it would afford him to accept it should his arrangements permit.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

It is believed that the good service pension of 30/- a year, vacated by Admiral Sir William Parker, G.C.B., on his being appointed Rear-Admiral of England, will be conferred on Admiral Sir Fairfax Moresby, K.C.B.—*United Service Gazette*.

WE have just received a pamphlet entitled "The Practicability of Insuring Against Fire, Risks, and a Glance at an Improved System of Pawnbroking," which well deserves the attention of all interested in protecting the poor against losses and imposition.

A BOILER explosion occurred about three in the afternoon, at the small factory occupied by Hargraves and Bateson, Risingbridge, near Bexenden, by which three boys, named S. Haworth, Benjamin Crausaw, and James Riley, lost their lives. The boys were playing in the boiler-house when the explosion took place, and by all appearances they are scalded to death.

GAIBALDI, the Italian journals say, is now able to walk about upon crutches.

The heart of Berlin, on the bank of the Spree, along which lies a dull garden open to the public, but little visited save by nursesmaids and their attendant guardsmen, stands an old palace, where originally was a farm and dairy of the Electress Louise-Frederick I having sold the place to Count Wartenberg for the very moderate sum of 676 dollars, the purchaser erected the central part of the present building. At his disgrace, it passed into the hands of Queen Sophia Dorothea, who enlarged the edifice and garden, and named it Monbijou. It was occupied by Peter the Great and his suite in 1717, during that visit to Berlin of which Carlyle affords us such strange glimpses. Since then it has had various occupants, and for some years past its northern wing has been fitted up and used as an English chapel, where the service of the Established Church is regularly performed. On Sunday week, a mournful anniversary, the chapel was hung with black, and unusually crowded, and the Queen of Prussia and her suite occupied the pews hitherto reserved for the Princess Victoria, now absent from Berlin. Her Majesty was received at the entrance to the chapel by the British chargé d'affaires—the ambassador, who arrived three days previously, not having, up to that date, delivered his credentials, and being present, therefore, only in his private capacity. The usual selection of appropriate psalms, &c., was made, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. R. Bellson.

STRANGE REVELATIONS IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—THE AMOROUS BREWER.

In the Divorce Court was heard a case Forster v. Berridge, being a petition by William Robert Forster, praying for a dissolution of his marriage with Mary Owen Forster, on the ground of her adultery with Richard Berridge, and claiming 10,000 £ damages. The respondent and the co-respondent pleaded a denial of the charge, and alleged that if adultery had been committed the petitioner had induced it by his wilful separation from the respondent, and by his neglect and misconduct. They further alleged that the petitioner had been guilty of adultery.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, in opening the case, stated that the petitioner was a major in the Indian army. His father had been an officer in the Indian service, and he had served in India ever since his boyhood, and had acquired great distinction. When the rebellion broke out the regiment which he commanded was the only native regiment which was faithful to England, and its fidelity was attributed to his conduct. In June, 1859, he married the respondent, a lady of considerable personal attractions, and in every respect a suitable match. They lived together in perfect friendship and affection, and had six children, of whom four were still living. In 1851 they came to this country, and remained for a short time, and then returned to India, leaving some of their children here for their education. After a time Mrs. Forster's health became somewhat impaired, and it was thought desirable, on her account, and for the sake of the children, that she should take up her residence in England. She accordingly came to England in 1854. It would appear that she made the acquaintance of the co-respondent at the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Dove, in Bloomsbury-square. Mr. Berridge was a man of about the same age as the petitioner, and had considerable means, being a managing partner in Meux's brewery. Mr. Dove was also connected with that concern. Great intimacy sprang up between Mrs. Forster and Mr. Berridge, and in the summer of 1858 Mrs. Forster was delivered of a child of which there could be no doubt that Mr. Berridge was the father. It would be shown that after Mrs. Forster had forfeited her position and sacrificed everything for Mr. Berridge, he had deserted her and treated her with the utmost unkindness and harshness. As for the counter charges against Major Forster, they were unfounded calumnies, and he was sure that no evidence could be produced by the respondent which would cast any dishonour upon her husband's hitherto untarnished name.

Mr. Whitelock, of Dorothy-cottages, Highbury, proved that in July, 1858, a gentleman hired her apartments for a lady. He was about forty years old, very fair, with light whiskers and a moustache, and straight hair parted very even down the back. (Laughter.) He was very well dressed. He had a mail phaeton with a pair of horses. A lady came the day after he apartments were taken, and she was confined in about a fortnight. The gentleman came to see her every other day. He behaved to her more like a husband than a guardian or a banker. She said he was her banker. On the 14th inst. I went to 6, Westbourne-grove North, and saw the same lady. She said she supposed I knew all the trouble she was in, and asked whether I had seen Mr. Berridge. She also said Mr. Melton had been a fool for not seeing me, and that Mr. Berridge would pay me £40 or more if I would not come up in this case. I said I did not want it, and I was going to do my duty. She said the child was Mr. Berridge's, and not her husband's.

Mr. Whitelock, the husband of the last witness, was called to identify Mr. Berridge.

Mrs. Smith stated that in October, 1858, she was living in York-place, St. Pancras, and she took charge of a child. Mrs. Forster made the arrangement and brought the child. She said it was her sister's baby.

Alfred Sandon: I am a commercial traveller. In February, 1859, I went into Mr. Berridge's service as butler. He lived at 18, Great Russell-street. He kept a mail phaeton, with a pair of horses and a brougham. The Sunday after I went Mrs. Forster called and said Mr. Berridge had promised to dine with her that day and had not kept his appointment, and she left a note. She frequently called: sometimes every day, and occasionally saw him. She often used the brougham. One morning in April she called before nine o'clock. Mr. Berridge had not slept at home. She walked into the dining-room, where Mr. Berridge was at breakfast and stayed an hour and a half. She upbraided him about the niggardly way in which he was supporting the child. She was very excited, and, as I thought, crying. She came one day afterwards, when Mr. Melton and a lady were dining with Mr. Berridge. She insisted on seeing him although he sent word that he was at dinner with his friends. She went into the dining-room, and Mr. Berridge ordered me to put her out and lock the door. I tried to put her out, but could not, and left the room without her. Mr. Melton got up from dinner and carried her in his arms out of the room. She asked Mr. Berridge what he had got there. Mr. Melton locked the door. She called out to Mr. Berridge to get rid of his — and come out. She cried out to the lady that Mr. Berridge was the father of her child, and he had ill-treated her, and would not pay for the child's support, and her husband's money was paying for it. She was struggling with Mr. Melton for two or three hours, talking in the same way all the time. Mr. Berridge afterwards told me not to admit her again on any pretence. On the 3rd of May she came in a cab, and asked who was going to the Derby with Mr. Berridge. I said I did not know. She asked whether we had orders to make pies and salads, and things of that kind. She then went to the brewery and saw him. I went into his room after she had left. His coat was off, the breast of his shirt front pulled out, and the front of his collar undone. He said, "What a wretch that woman is!" One day in June, 1860, she called when a lady was dining alone with Mr. Berridge. He came with the lady from Hampton races, and he told to be very careful not to let her into the house, particularly on that evening. The lady was a particular friend of Mrs. Forster's, and had dined with her at Mr. Berridge's. Mrs. Forster succeeded in getting in. She made for the dining-room at once, and the lady took refuge in a closet. (Laughter.) Mrs. Forster remained from a little after seven till past twelve, nearly five hours, and the lady was in the closet all the time. (Laughter.) Mrs. Forster thought she was in the closet, and kept a watch on it, and ordered her to come out. I heard Mrs. Forster fall heavily on the floor, and went into the room. She was sitting on the floor, and she said that Mr. Berridge had struck her. She said all her children had been taken from her through him, and he had taken away another child, of which he was the father, and would not allow her to see it. Mr. Berridge consulted me as to how to get the lady out of the closet. I suggested that he should pretend to go out. He went to the front door, and Mrs. Forster went after him. My wife took the opportunity of letting the lady out of the closet, and she was passed by the back way into brewery. When Mrs. Forster found that the lady had escaped she went away.

William Ludlow Forster: I am the second son of the petitioner. I came from India with my father and mother and two sisters in 1850. They returned to India with my youngest sister Charlotte, leaving me and the others in England. In 1854 my mother and Charlotte came to England. My mother and I went to live at Mr. Dove's, 40, Bloomsbury-square, about nine months after her return. Mr. Dove is connected with Mr. Meux's brewery. Mr. Berridge lodged at Mr. Dove's at the same time. My mother lived there six months or more. She and Mr. Berridge were on friendly terms. We all dined at the same table. After leaving Bloomsbury-square we went to live in Bloomsbury-place, and we were there over a year. I was then at King's College. Mr. and Mrs. Melton visited Mr. Dove's, and became acquainted with my mother. Mr. Melton is Mr. Berridge's solicitor. After leaving Bloomsbury-place we

went to 12, Heathcote-street, near Mincing-lane-square. It was a detached house, standing back in a garden, with steps up to the front door. We were in Heathcote-street for about two years. In the summer of 1858 my mother went to Gravesend. Mr. Berridge frequently visited in Heathcote-street while we were there. My mother was at Gravesend about two months.

Cross-examined by the Queen's Advocate: I am nineteen. My sisters are about eighteen and sixteen. I stayed with my father when he was last in London till I began studying for a commission. When I arrived from India I joined him at a lodging-house in Finsbury-street Lieutenant and Mrs. Ellis were in those lodgings. We went from there to 27, Orchard-street, and then to Somerset-street. I was not with him in Somerset-street. My father lived entirely with the Ellises. I slept in the same room with my father. He usually went to bed at eleven, but he sat up later when he had work to do. I went to bed about half-past ten or eleven. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis went to bed about the same time. I generally went before Mrs. Ellis. Mr. Ellis went earlier, being an invalid. Sometimes, but not often, I have left my father and Mrs. Ellis in the room when I went to bed. He was not particularly intimate with Mrs. Ellis, not more than with Mr. Ellis. He has given her a diamond ring.

Witnesses were then called for the respondents.

Joanna Mahony, servant at Mr. Nolan's in 1861, and till July, 1862: Remembered Lieutenant and Mrs. Ellis and Major Forster coming to lodge there, and often observed that the major and Mrs. Ellis went into the lieutenant's bedroom when we went out. Assisted to dress Mrs. Ellis in the drawing-room. The major used to assist to lace her dress sometimes, as he thought she could not do it.

By the Queen's Advocate: My hands were not too dirty to lace the dress. The major thought he could pull it together better than I could. (Laughter.)

Mary Ann Bartholomew: I was servant in June of the present year at Mrs. Norton's, 26, Orchard-street, Portman-square. I recollect on one occasion I went to prepare the major's bedroom, when I found it locked. I knocked, and got an answer from Mrs. Ellis. She said I could come in in a minute or two. I did not wait, but went into the front room on the same floor. I saw Mrs. Ellis come out of the major's room about twenty minutes after I had knocked. It was about half-past nine. She had her petticoats on with a dressing-gown over them. After she left I saw Major Forster come out in about five minutes. On another occasion I found the same door locked, when Mrs. Ellis told me I could come in directly. I waited outside the door for about ten minutes, when Mrs. Ellis came out and went into the drawing-room. In ten minutes after the major came out. I have besides seen Mrs. Ellis go into the major's bedroom before breakfast, and also at other times.

Elizabeth Bartholomew: I went to live at Orchard-street after my sister left. (Witness gave evidence similar to that of her sister, and added: I recollect Mrs. Ellis taking a bath in her bedroom. I was attending on her. The door was open. The major and lieutenant were then out. I heard them coming then up stairs, when I asked her if I should shut the door, and she said, "Oh, never mind, it's only the major." I shut the door. After she came out of the bath she got into bed, and then Major Forster brought her some shrimps and bread and butter. (Laughter.) I asked if I should be wanted any more that evening, when Mrs. Ellis said "No," and I left the room, the major being there. I have seen the major kiss Mrs. Ellis.

Emily Goss: I was housemaid at 39, Somerset-street. I thought at first it was the major's daughter.

After some further evidence, the learned judge summed, and the jury returned a verdict for the petitioner, with £5,000 damages against the co-respondent.

Decree nisi granted.

THE "COLLEEN BAWN" IN COURT.

In the Chancery Court has been heard a case Boucicault v. Delafield, being a motion for the purpose of dissolving an injunction which has been obtained, *ex parte*, by the plaintiff in the long vacation of 1861, restraining the representation by the defendant at the Theatre Royal Preston of the dramatic piece called the "Colleen Bawn," and the scene therein mentioned and called the "Water Cave," or any other piece or entertainment under the title of the "Colleen Bawn."

The defendant, by his evidence, and the arguments in support of his motion, raised two points—first, upon the instruction of the Copyright Acts, that the plaintiff was not entitled to copyright in the "Colleen Bawn" from the piece having been first acted or published in America; and, second, that, assuming the plaintiff to be entitled to copyright, there had been no infringement by the defendant, whose piece, entitled "Cushla-ma-Cree," had been dramatized from "The Collegians" by a gentleman who had not only not copied, but had not even read or seen, the "Colleen Bawn."

Mr. Southgate and Mr. C. T. Swanson appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Holt and Mr. Graham Hastings for the defendant, in support of the motion to dissolve the injunction.

Mr. Boucicault had made an affidavit stating, in effect, that the "Colleen Bawn" was first acted in the United States in April, 1860, but not printed or published there; that the piece brought out at the New Adelphi in September, 1860, contained several important alterations from the American version, especially in the "Water Cave" scene, and in two scenes of the third act; and that the "Water Cave" scene was entirely his own invention, both in language and in incidents, and was not to be found in "The Collegians."

Mr. Boucicault was briefly cross-examined by Mr. Hastings, but nothing material was elicited.

Mr. Leeson, an actor, who made an affidavit on behalf of the plaintiff, was also cross-examined by Mr. Holt. He had played the part of "Fah'r Tom" in the "Colleen Bawn," at Laura Keene's theatre in New York, and had heard of the theatrical process called "gagging," which was when the actor introduced language of his own not written down for him by the author. This witness, in answer to some further questions, denied having stated in conversation to one of the defendant's witnesses that the Adelphi version was identical with the American, except in one single line, which had been altered by the Lord Chamberlain.

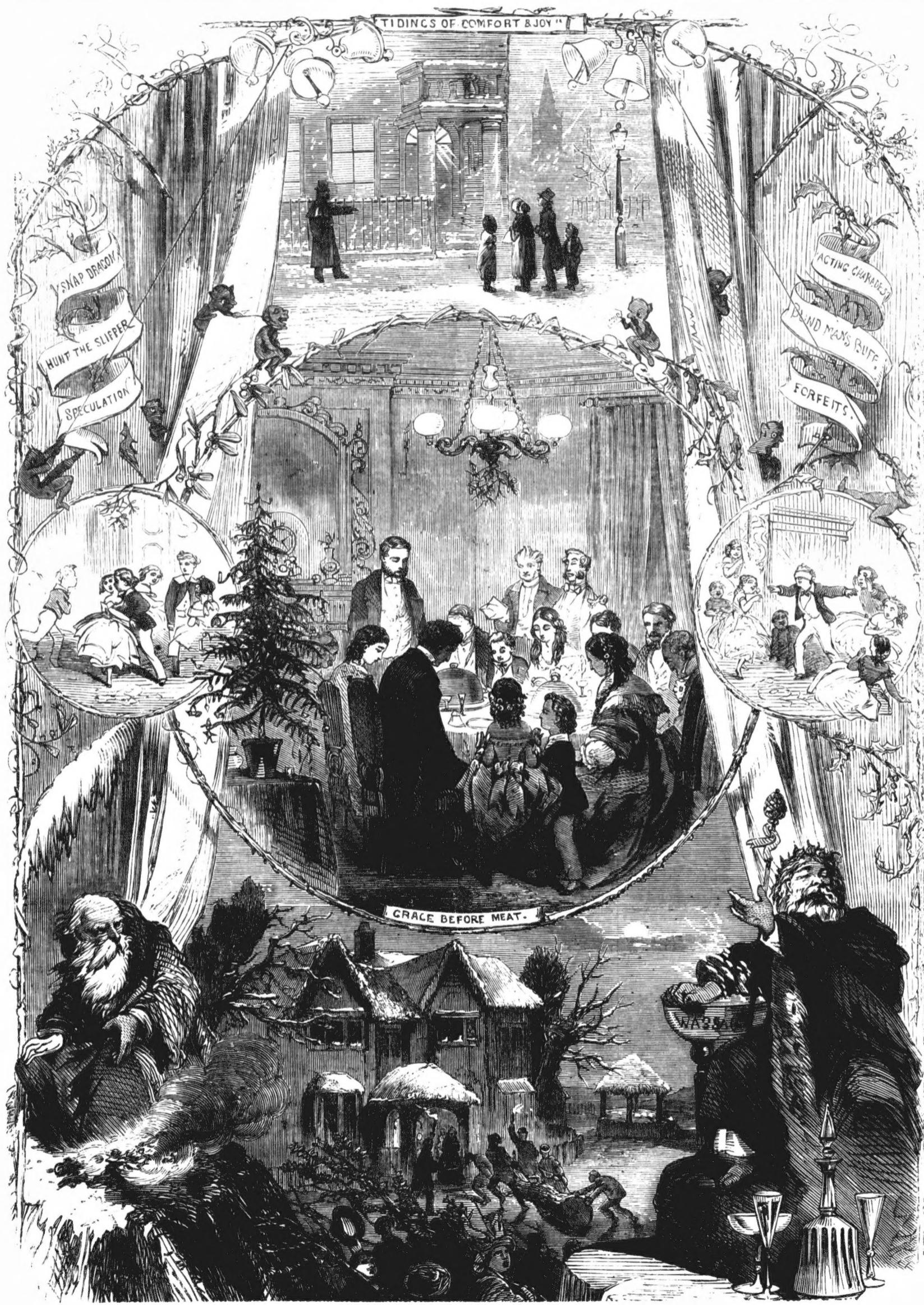
Mr. Holt, at the conclusion of the witness's cross-examination, said that as the question of copyright could not be conveniently discussed upon the present occasion, the motion had better stand over until the hearing of the cause, which might be advanced. If Mr. Boucicault had differed his play from the novel, the defendant was also entitled to exercise his ingenuity and alter the incidents in the novel in dramatizing it.

Mr. Southgate: If you play "Cushla-ma-Cree" at Cardiff, and it is not the same as the "Colleen Bawn," and is not our piece, the injunction will not stand in our way.

The Vice-Chancellor: There will be no objection to advance the cause, and this motion may stand over until the hearing. The defendant, however, must take care not to announce the name of the "Colleen Bawn" or "tremendous headers" upon his bills.

The motion accordingly stands over.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has intimated his desire that the citizens who propose calling upon him on New Year's day should come provided with their photographic *cartes de visite*—the name and address of the visitor being distinctly written on the back. These photographs will be preserved in a large album which has been prepared for their reception.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN ENGLAND. See page (179.)



A CHRISTMAS PARTY—THE LOTTERY BAG. (See page 179.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

Christmas-day falling this year on Thursday, necessitates our going earlier than usual to press; this circumstance, and with the exception of the successful revival of "Agnes de Vere" at the Adelphi, causes there to be absolutely nothing to report on in the theatrical world. In our next number, on the contrary, we shall have to devote more space than usual to chronicling the first representation of the various pantomimes, which will, moreover, be illustrated in a large double-page engraving.

The Court.

The mortal remains of the Prince-Consort were privately removed from the entrance of the royal vault in St. George's Chapel, where they had been temporarily deposited, and conveyed to the royal mausoleum at Frogmore. At seven o'clock precisely, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, Leopold, and Prince Louis of Hesse proceeded to the chapel, where were assembled the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, Canon in Residence, Viscount Sydney, Lord Chamberlain, Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey, Colonel the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, and Colonel Biddulph. Mr. Lolein and Mr. Mayot, the valets to the Prince-Consort, also attended. The procession left the chapel for Frogmore shortly after, and on arriving at the royal mausoleum the coffin was placed in a sarcophagus, and covered with a massive stone, in the presence of the Prince and the gentlemen who had the privilege of being present on this occasion. His royal highness and the gentlemen then returned to the castle. The plaster cast of the recumbent statue of the Prince-Consort, now being executed by Baron Marochetti in marble, was then placed on the sarcophagus.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, walked from Frogmore House without any attendants to the royal mausoleum, near to which were assembled the members of the royal household immediately in attendance on the Queen and royal family, and a few persons who had been invited to be present.

The Dean of Windsor, when the royal family, and others, had taken their places, read a selection from the Holy Scriptures, and offered a short prayer appropriate to the melancholy occasion.

The Queen and royal family, after placing wreaths of flowers on the foot of the tomb, retired.

The whole of the household were afterwards permitted by her Majesty to visit the mausoleum.

Besides the members of the royal family, there were present—Earl Granville, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, Countess Blucher, the Rev. Dr. Stanley, Mr. Arthur Helps, and (in waiting) the Duchess of Athole, Lady C. Barrington, Lady A. Bruce, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, the Hon. H. R. Stofford, &c.

On Saturday, the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, arrived at Osborne from Windsor Castle. Her Majesty crossed from Portsmouth Harbour in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

The suite in attendance comprised Lady C. Barrington, Lady A. Bruce, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, Baroness von Schenck, Baroness von Grancy, Colonel the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, Major-General Seymour, Lieutenant-Colonel Du Plat, Lieutenant-General Knollys, Captain Grey, Captain Westerweller, and Dr. Becker.

Countess Blucher also has arrived at Osborne, and remains on a visit.

On Sunday Divine service was performed by the Rev. G. Prothero before her Majesty, the royal family, and suite.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

GREAT preparations are making for the appropriate celebration of Christmas. The Handel orchestra now affording such ample scope for a large audience, it has been determined to concentrate all the amusements this year at that part of the great transept. From twenty to fifty thousand visitors can be thus amply accommodated, and as the organ and the magnificent new roof of the orchestra have been brilliantly lighted with lines of gas, the effect in the afternoon will be pleasing to the extreme. The naves and transept will be gaily decorated with holly and evergreens and flags, and various emblematic devices appropriate to the season. A feature of novelty and very great interest will be portraits of the various Princes of Wales surrounding the great transept. At the garden end of the transept, a large prismatic mirror, by Messrs. Deffries, has been placed, by which an extraordinarily brilliant effect is produced. Seen from the great orchestra, when lighted up, it will be exceedingly beautiful. The naves of the palace are now also completely lighted by handsome new candelabra, made to design of the company, founded on the lights made use of in Paris at the *fête* of the Emperor in August last. These light down the naves, combined with the lines of light carried across the orchestra and the great transept, form a *coup d'œil* of startling brilliancy.

The fancy fair, which is now being held in the naves and transept, affords tempting opportunities for all classes of purchasers; many a Christmas present, for old as well as young, will be drawn from its stores.

The Crystal Palace has long been famous for its Christmas trees, but the great tree of this year, outstripping all its predecessors, and nearly one hundred feet high, will be placed near the tropical screen. It is by far the largest tree ever provided for such an occasion; decorated and dressed with all kinds of toys and flags, and lighted with innumerable jets of gas, it will be an immense feature for holiday folks. It will be backed up by national flags and banners, conspicuous among which will be those of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark ranged on either side of them being large equestrian portraits of the Prince and Princess.

Commencing on Boxing-day—which this year falls on Friday—a daily series of amusements suitable to the season will be given, under the direction of Mr. Nelson Lee. Without entering into detail, it will suffice to say, that a round of entertainments, combining some of the most novel and talented disciples of Momus, will contribute to the amusement of the visitors from morning till night. In addition to these, Blondin, who has only a very few engagements now to fulfil at the Crystal Palace, will perform the first few days of Christmas alternately on the high and low rope. As these will be the last occasions of Blondin appearing at the Palace, where alone sufficient space can be found for the complete display of his unequalled exhibitions—they will no doubt excite considerable interest.

Boxing-day is always a great day at the palace. Last year over 39,000 persons were present. Ample preparations have been made this season for special trains from London-bridge and Victoria and intermediate stations, as well as from the country districts; and as the palace is now thoroughly lighted at night, and warmed, visitors may retire at leisure. On Boxing-day the doors will be opened at nine o'clock.

TOLERATION IN THE TYROL.—The Bishop of Trent (Tyrol) has just declared, in a pastoral letter, that it is his absolute duty to remove from his diocese the adherents of all non-Catholic forms of worship, in order to preserve the Tyrol from heresy.

AN INTELLIGENT JURY.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS was indicted for setting fire to an office belonging to the shareholders of the Great Devon Consols Mine, near Tavistock. Mr. Carter and Mr. Clarke prosecuted. The prisoner some time since worked at this mine; he was seen in the neighbourhood the night before the fire, which burnt an office belonging to the mine. Inside the office knife which belonged to the prisoner was found, and a sheet of paper on which was a letter in the prisoner's handwriting addressed to the captain of the mine, to the following effect:—

"Sir—Being hard up I thought it no harm to take a light's lodging in your cabin. This being Saturday night I shall be in London before you get this letter. I thank you for the loan of your razor. Please excuse me for borrowing the few coppers I found in your desk; I will soon return them."

"I am your humble servant,
A TRAVELLER."

The learned judge having summed up the case, "He jury said, we find him 'Guilty' of stealing the knife."

The judge said: Gentlemen, I can't take that verdict; the prisoner is indicted for setting the building on fire.

The jury then considered again for some time, and at length said, "Guilty of setting fire."

The prisoner was then convicted of stealing some clothes belonging to one of the miners, and which he had left in a shed when he went underground. The prisoner had been convicted of house-breaking at Bodmin, in July, 1857, and he was then sentenced to six years' penal servitude. The prisoner denied this; but the warden of Bodmin prison said he had had him in his charge for six months, and conveyed him to Milbank prison. There had been four other convictions against the prisoner. The prisoner was now sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

A LETTER from Paris has the following:—

"Noboddy can talk of ought but Baron Rothschild's magnificent reception of the Emperor at his chateau of Ferrieres, which reads like a page out of the Arabian Nights, so fabulously splendid must have been the scene. On arriving at the Ouzere Station, the baron's equipages, in blue liveries and yellow, awaited his Majesty, who took his seat in an open carriage, with four blood-horses and postillions. Five other carriages, also drawn by splendid horses, were placed at the disposal of the guests. The baron's four sons were waiting at the station to receive his Majesty. At a quarter to eleven the Emperor arrived at the chateau, and the imperial flag was at once raised on one of the towers. After looking over the interior of the edifice, the Emperor took a walk in the park, where he planted a cedar to commemorate his visit, and then returned to the chateau for breakfast. The service of silver plate, made from models which were immediately destroyed to preserve it unique, was accompanied by the celebrated service of Sevres porcelain, every plate of which bears an authentic picture by Boucher, signed with the B. A table set all the baron's family and the guests. After breakfast a numerous shooting equipage awaited the guests, who proceeded to the great park, which covers (3,700 acres) entirely surrounded with walls and containing three farms. The sport was splendid, and about 1,000 head of game were killed. On returning to the chateau, about half-past five, the Emperor found all the population of the environs assembled in the court-yard, headed by the mayors and curés. A collation had been prepared in the hall, the gallery of which was occupied by the male choristers from the Opera, who under the direction of Victor Massé, executed the 'Master's Chorus' of Rossini. At six o'clock the signal for departure was given. The keepers, huntsmen, and other persons employed on the domain, holding torches, lined the road for the imperial cortege from the portal of the palace to the gate of the forest, which was also brilliantly lighted all the way to the station at Ouzere. His Majesty then returned to Paris, and in the evening, accompanied by the Empress, honoured the Opera Comique with his presence, to witness the 1,000th representation of Boieldieu's opera of 'La Dame Blanche.'"

The following are some of the details respecting the fine domain of Ferrieres:—

"Baron de Rothschild's princely seat lies between the forests of Crecy and Armainvilliers, in the Seine-et-Marne. The nucleus of this splendid estate was the chateau and park of Bellassises, with 1,200 acres of land, which Baron de Rothschild purchased of M. Touchard in 1821, for the sum of 990,000 francs, to which several other properties, of far greater extent, have since been added, so that the value of the whole is now about twenty millions. Soon after the first purchase the Baron pulled down the greater part of the old chateau of Bellassise, and converted the remainder into what its owner calls a 'hunting box.' The new building is a noble structure, flanked at the four corners with square towers. In the centre of the facade towards the road and of that fronting the garden and pheasantry, the architect has placed a square tower, in the middle of which is the grand entrance to the chateau, approached by a noble flight of steps. The interior is fitted up with exquisite taste, and ornamented with numberless works of art, all of which are so disposed as to appear to the best advantage. The chateau stands in the little park, about seventy-five acres in extent, which contains the pheasantry. Beyond the little park is the great park, which swarms with game of every kind, large and small, preserved with the utmost strictness. In the great park is the baron's model farm of about 1,500 acres, where all the modern improvements in agriculture may be seen in their utmost perfection. The farm-house is a graceful edifice, and round it are ranged extensive out-buildings provided with every convenience regardless of expense. The stables, filled with the best specimens of cart-horses, are the admiration of all beholders, while the Dutch cow-houses, filled with Swiss cows, and the sheep-sorts with merino and other superior breeds of sheep, excite the wonder of agriculturists. All the land around is in a high state of cultivation, and the woods have undergone a metamorphosis within the last twenty years as complete as that we witness in the Bois de Boulogne. On the whole this domain is unequalled by any other in France, and will bear comparison with the finest in Europe."

BOW BELLS.—We have received Part I of this new serial. After a careful study of its literary and pictorial treasures, we are fairly puzzled, with our knowledge of the cost of producing cheap periodicals, to know how an ordinary shilling book—for such it is—can be sold profitably for fivepence. *Bow Bells* has met our eyes in all directions, for some weeks past, on hoardings, newspapers, &c.; but until now, though our curiosity has been awakened by its perusal, which we advise all our readers to do like wise.

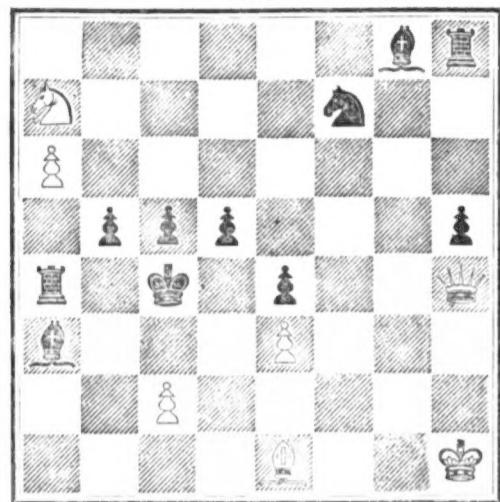
The Queen's hounds met at the Houndshees at Warfield at 11:30, and the deer, being turned east, ran to Winkfield, and turned towards Hawthorn-hill, near which place Mr. Burfield's horse, in jumping over a fence, fell, in consequence of the heavy ground and the rottenness of the bank, and rolled over. When some gentlemen came up a few seconds afterwards they found Mr. Burfield upon his back, insensible, and apparently dead. He was removed to a cottage near, from which place he was conveyed in a carriage to the Crown Hotel at Slough. Medical assistance, both from the neighbourhood and from London, was immediately procured, but proved of no avail.

A SINGULAR colliery accident was occasioned by the gale at the John pit, near Wigton. Six men at the bottom of the pit had stepped into the iron cage for the purpose of ascending the shaft, when a tub of cannel coal was blown from the mouth upon the cage. Five of the men escaped, but one poor fellow was crushed to death.

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 80.—By H. E. KIDSON, Esq.

Black.



Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDHALL.

CAPTURE OF AN ABSCONDING BANKRUPT.—William Buckwell, described as a railway contractor and manufacturer of artificial stone, of Phoenix Wharf, East Greenwich; of 86, King William-street, City, and of Casa Crotta, Bergomancero, Arona, in the kingdom of Italy, was placed at the bar before Alderman Humphrey, having been brought from Mount Cenis by Detective-sergeant Haydon, upon a warrant issued from this court in August last, charged with absconding from his liabilities after having been adjudicated a bankrupt. Mr. Dangerfield appeared to prosecute on behalf of the assignees, and stated that the prisoner had been concerned in a contract for the construction of an Italian railway, the cost of which was estimated at £184,000. The greater portion of that money had been advanced to the prisoner, but on his bankruptcy it was discovered that not more than £5,000 had been expended on the line. During the year previous to his bankruptcy his transactions had been of a very extensive character, as they had, in investigating his affairs, traced debouture bonds and other securities, payments, &c., to him to the amount of £20,000. After being made a bankrupt, he attended on several occasions, and gave his evidence; but on being summoned to attend a private meeting on the 11th of May, he absconded, and had not since surrendered. His friends and the assignees thought his conduct absurd and extraordinary, that they took no further steps in the matter until August, when, finding he did not return, a warrant was applied for, and when obtained it was placed in Haydon's hands, and he forthwith proceeded to Bergomancero where the prisoner resided. He communicated with the Questura, one of the Italian authorities, who visited the prisoner's house and searched it, and eventually discovered him concealed between the ceiling and the roof of an outhouse. Alderman Humphrey remanded the prisoner for a week, and intimated that it was not a case in which he would accept bail.

WHOLESALE FRAUDS UPON BOOKSELLERS.—William Barnett Ward, a young man described as a clerk, living at 9, Great Smith-street, Westminster, was charged before Alderman Humphrey with obtaining by false pretences a large quantity of books to the value of about £30, with intent to cheat and defraud Messrs. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, the publishers, of Farringdon-street. John Purdy, a clerk in the prosecutors' employ, deposed that on the 8th of September last the prisoner came to their warehouse, and taking out a collecting-book, called over the names of the books he wanted, at the same time representing they were for Mr. Whibley, a bookseller of Baywater, who was a customer of the firm. The books delivered to him on that occasion amounted to £3 2s. 8d. On the 11th of October he called again, and asked for more books to the value of £2 7s. 8d., which were delivered to him as before. On the 16th of October he obtained books to the value of £8 1s. 2d.; on the 27th of October, £7 1s. 8d.; on the 7th of November, £7 11s. 11d.; on the 13th of November, £1 1s.; on the 17th of November, £7 11s. 11d.; and on the 28th of November, £8 13s. 11d. The works so obtained were principally copies of Staunton's Shakespeare, in three vols.; Russell's India, in two vols.; and Tennyson's Princess; on each occasion an invoice, made out in Mr. Whibley's name, was given to him. Mr. Thomas Whibley, of 2 Westbourne-place, Bishop's-road, Baywater, said he was a bookseller, and dealt with Messrs. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. He knew nothing of prisoner, and never authorized him or any one else to get the books, nor had he received them. Right, a detective officer, said that there was another charge against the prisoner for obtaining books of Messrs. Darton and Hodge, of Holborn-lill, to the value of about £4, between the 22nd of October and the 1st of the present month, and there was no doubt he had been victimising other publishers to a very considerable extent. Alderman Humphrey remanded the prisoner.

BOW STREET.

A BRACE OF BLOCKHEADS.—Martin Cahill, a soldier in the Royal Marines, was charged with stealing 15s. from a gentleman named Mackenzie. In reply to a question from the magistrate, the prisoner stated that his corps was stationed in Ireland. Mr. Henry: That is a large place. Tell me the station? The prisoner: County Tipperary. Mr. Henry: I asked you what is the name of the station? The prisoner: Woolwich. Mr. Henry: Is this man sober? Inspector Sims: He has been locked up since two o'clock this morning, and it appeared to me that he was sober then. Mr. Henry: If so, he must know that Woolwich is not in Ireland. The prisoner: I thought you said where I was born, sir. The prosecutor, who also appeared to be in a curious state of mental confusion, was then examined. He said he was staying at Sam's Hotel in the Strand, and he charged the prisoner with stealing his purse and 15s. Mr. Henry: What are you? The prosecutor: No living particular at present. I have been trying to reform, and to lead a virtuous life. Mr. Henry: As an attorney? The prosecutor: As an advocate in Scotland. Mr. Henry: Then you ought to know the importance of stating all the facts. The prosecutor: I told you all I know. Mr. Henry: You have told me nothing. How did you get into the soldier's company? The prosecutor: I suppose we foregathered together in the street. Mr. Henry: Who spoke first? The prosecutor: It may be I might have spoken to him first. Mr. Henry: You seem to have a very confused recollection of it. Were you sober? The prosecutor: I don't suppose I was; but I recollect running after him when I missed my money. I don't think I was that far gone that they need lock me up. I was quite able to walk. I had had some sherry at dinner, and I had been to a debuting society, where I stopped till nearly twelve, but I had very little to drink. I suppose it took effect on me when I came into the air. The constable (Craucher, F. 91) stated that he saw the prisoner running from the Strand into Norfolk-street, pursued by the prosecutor, who said he had been robbed. Witness followed the prisoner, and caught him in Howard-street. Returning with the prisoner in custody, he found prosecutor lying on his back on the footway, and holding an empty purse in his hand. He was not able to make any distinct statement except that he had lost a half-sovereign and a crown-piece. The prisoner, who denied having any money, was searched at the station, and a crown-piece was found on him. The prisoner was discharged.

WESTMINSTER.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—A few days ago Ann Condon, a respectable-looking young woman, was placed at the bar before Mr. Arnold, charged with stealing a brooch, value £2, the property of Miss Anne Atkins. The prisoner was servant at 12, Lower Eaton-street, Pimlico, where the prosecutrix was engaged as a milliner. In August last the latter missed a brooch and mentioned her loss to the prisoner, who said she would look for it, but it was not found. On Sunday the prosecutrix saw it in the prisoner's shawl, which she was wearing, and took it away from her, but the prisoner declared it was her own and had been given to her by a young woman who worked in a dust yard at Paddington. She repeated this statement to the policeman into whose charge she was given, and having informed the magistrate that she could produce the person from whom she received the brooch, her own recognisances were taken for her re-appearance. Mary Ann Stanton, the young woman in question, said that she was employed in a dust contractor's yard, at Paddington. She found a brooch about three weeks ago amongst some ashes there, and gave it to the prisoner, who saw it lying on a shelf at her house, and asked her for it. The brooch now produced was of the same shape and size, but was then covered with dirt. In answer to a question from the magistrate, it was stated that there had been inquiries made about the witness Stanton, and she bore a very good character. Mr. Arnold observed that this was a most remarkable case. He fully believed the statement of the accused and the evidence of her witness, which was borne out by the circumstance of the former openly wearing the brooch in the house where it had been lost, which it was not likely she would have done had she dishonestly possessed herself of it. The brooch must have been carried away with the dust in which it was found, and it was most remarkable that it should have returned to the very house in the way accounted for. He had not the least doubt of the prisoner's innocence, and she left that court without any imputation upon her character.

THE WORST SPECIMEN OF HER SEX.—Ann Stevens, a woman who, when first brought to this court eight years ago, was a person of very genteel appearance and demeanour, was charged with being drunk and riotous. The prisoner has been charged at this court no less than fifty times. In the early stage of her appearance some endeavours were made to reclaim her from the vicious course of life she was leading, and she was sent by Mr. Arnold home to her friends, who are very respectable, but returned in less than a week and resumed her former habits. Step by step she has descended the ladder of vice and violence, and on two or three occasions has hurled concealed missiles or the office of the magistrate's head. On her being placed before Mr. Paynter, he inquired whether she had anything in her hand. The prisoner replied in the negative; everything, even the hats of persons, had been taken out of her reach. Prisoner: I have got something in my hand; don't you see I am holding my dress up. Look, you!—Mr. Paynter: You must keep yourself quiet. Prisoner: 'Tis else you'll transport me, of course. You would like wouldn't you? A policeman proved that he found the accused quite intoxicated, in a gentleman's doorway, in St. George's-square, at six on the previous evening, and endeavoured to remove her, when she used the most horrible language. Prisoner (to

the magistrate): Well, now, what would you like to do with me, eh? I came out of prison yesterday morning—you'd send me back. Mr. Paynter: What did she have last time? Prisoner: A month, and her conviction was returned. Prisoner: Yes—her conviction was returned, and she had been remanded to liberty two days in the last four months. You're making me quite reputable. I have no opportunity of being otherwise, unless I do wrong in prison. Mr. Paynter: I shall remand you for the production of your last conviction, and then send you for three months. The prisoner conduct here. Leggars all description.

CLERKENWELL.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE LOVE OF FINERY.—Lavinia Susane, aged 18, a respectably-attired, good-looking young woman, described as a domestic servant, was charged with robbing Mrs. Mary Ann Dair, her mistress, residing in Regent's-square, St. Pancras and farther with robbing a lodger to a large extent. From the evidence of the complainant it appeared that the prisoner had been twice in her service; on the first occasion only for a month, when she was discharged in consequence of her pertness and bad behaviour. When the complainant first engaged the prisoner, she took her from a reformatory at Tottenham. A short time after she was discharged she returned and asked to be again taken on, and although the complainant did not think that she was quite sufficient for the work, she consented to do so until she could get another servant. About a fortnight ago the complainant lost some keys that opened her drawers, and upon asking the prisoner about them she replied that she had not need them. After that she was in the constant habit of losing small articles, and suspecting the prisoner she gave her notice to leave. On the afternoon when she was to go the complainant noticed that the velvet on the prisoner's bonnet had been stolen from her drawers, and she then determined to search the prisoner's box. The prisoner at first remonstrated to it but lost keys, several articles of clothing belonging to her, as well as some cigars and jewellery belonging to her lodger. The prisoner then said she was very sorry, and declared that that was all she had stolen, but at the police-station she was found to have her pocket full of the lodger's cigars, that she had pawned some articles belonging to him, and that most of the under-clothing she then had on belonged to the complainant. The prisoner said she was very sorry, but it was all caused through her love of finery. The cigars she took for the purpose of presenting them to her young man. Mr. D'Eyncourt regretted to say that this class of robbery was greatly on the increase. In this case the complainant had treated the prisoner very kindly, and placed confidence in her, and the prisoner repaid her by robbing her to a large extent. He then fully committed the prisoner for trial. The prisoner, who seemed deeply to feel her position

men, and just about that time must have been when the cash-box was stolen. From what the woman said her husband was an invalid, and not able to leave his bed, but he has been seen about the house at all times, we not knowing he was connected with Eliza. From a letter I received on Friday last, I gave them both in charge. There was about £50 in gold, notes, and silver; the number of some of the notes are known. The letter containing the information was handed to his worship, and read by him. Female prisoner: Allow me to look at the writing on the envelope? Mr. Tyrwhitt: Certainly not. Mason, 54 S., said that previous to this robbery the two prisoners lived in a most wretched state in Star-court, and now they had got a place furnished most respectably. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the case, and ordered Mason to make inquiries about the parties.

WORSHIP STREET.

STREET ROBBERY AND VIOLENCE.—James Scotchmore and William Pearson were charged before Mr. Leigh with stealing a gold watch and chain from the person of Johard Dalich, and Pearson was further charged with violently assaulting Sergeant Harris, of the H division. The prosecutor stated that the other evening, while passing along the Whitechapel-road, he was suddenly passed by the prisoner Pearson, who instantly after turned round, snatched his watch from the waistcoat-pocket, twisted it from the chain, and was making off, when two gentlemen collared him, and another man picked up the watch from the ground and restored it, but the chain, which had broken in the act of pulling out the pendage, could not be found. The two gentlemen alluded to were Sergeant Harris and Kenwood of the H division, who, having seen the prisoners following the prosecutor, and well knowing them, were on the alert. Pearson passed the watch to Scotchmore the instant he was seized, and the latter no sooner found himself in the hands of Kenwood than he dropped it, but made no resistance. Not so, however, with his companion, who would a most determined one, and in the foulest language swore that he would not be taken to the station-house. In the course of the struggle he struck his captor six times in the mouth, bit his thumb, and kicked him repeatedly in a delicate part of the body. One woman, who subsequently escaped, incited a mob of persons to rescue him, and called out, "Give it to him; let him have it." Kenwood at length was able to render assistance by putting his prisoner into an adjoining shop, and subsequently both men were got to the station-house, but not before the sergeant's coat was saluted torn into pieces. Evidence was given of a former conviction against Pearson, who, it was stated (and not to be led by him) had been sentenced, in July, 1829, to three years' penal servitude. Both prisoners denied the charge; but the depositions were completed, and they were fully committed to the sessions for trial.

SOUTHWARK.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY.—A decent-looking young man named James Peter was charged with stealing some silver and copper money from the till in the Yorkshire Grey public-house, Suffolk-street, Southwark. Mrs. Eliza Wilkinson, the wife of the landlord, said that the prisoner and two females entered the house, and were supplied with a pot of ale at the counter, which the prisoner paid for with a sixpence. When she put the latter in the till there was about three shillings in silver and sixpence in copper. While her back was turned for a few moments she heard the till and money rattle, and on looking round perceived the prisoner getting off the counter, and the till was open. She instantly ran there, and missed all but sixpence. She did not call a policeman in at the time, as she expected her husband in; but eventually she gave defendant into custody. Police-constable Burke, 231 M., said he took the prisoner to the station-house when she denied the charge. On searching him he found two shillings, two sixpences, and sixpence in copper, all mixed together in his right hand trouser's pocket. The prisoner, who denied the charge, said he was a carman in the employ of Mr. Tupper, of Banks's, and would not be guilty of such an act. Mr. Combe committed him for trial.

GREENWICH.

AN EXPENSIVE KISS.—John Welby, a shipwright, of 32, Evelyn-street, Deptford, appeared to a summons charging him with assaulting Mrs. Theresa Matthews. The complainant, a respectable-looking woman, said she resided with her husband at Chilton-street, Rotherhithe. On Monday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, she had occasion to leave home on an errand and to call at a neighbour's house, and on returning she heard some one following her quickly. Fearing she was about being garrotted she walked faster, and on reaching the corner of the street where she resided the defendant overtook her and stopped her. She had known the defendant about nine years, but had not seen him for the last four years; and having formerly occupied apartments in his sister's house, she inquired after her. The defendant, on her bidding him good night, asked her to have something to drink, which she declined, and he then took hold of her hand and behaved improperly, and afterwards put his arms around her neck and kissed her. She ran to the house of a neighbour and complained of the assault, and on her husband's return home she told him what had occurred. Emma Cardwell, a neighbour to whose house complainant ran, confirmed the latter part of the above statement. Mr. Bradbury, who appeared for the defendant, cross-examined the complainant with a view of showing that she was a consenting party to the kissing, and denying that anything else improperly had taken place. Mr. Maude said there was no doubt an assault had been committed, and the insinuations imputed against the complainant were disgraceful. The defendant would pay a fine of £3 and costs, or be imprisoned for one month.

WOOLWICH.

SHOCKING MUTILATION OF A CHILD.—Sarah Stone, a young woman of respectable appearance, was placed at the bar before Mr. Maude, charged with concealing the birth and mutilating the body of her female infant. The case excited much interest in a crowded court, and the following evidence was taken:—Police-sergeant Wilkinson, 12 R., deposed: In consequence of information received he went to the residence of Mr. Hull, 4, Maryon-road, Charlton, where the prisoner resided as servant; and he then asked the prisoner if she had recently been delivered of a child, and she replied that she had, but declined to say whether the child was born alive. The prisoner then accompanied witness and Mr. Hull to her bed-chamber, and witness found, in a box under the bed, the body of a female infant, which had been cut into six pieces. The box was not locked, and the prisoner admitted that the child was hers. Mr. Hull stated that the prisoner had been in his service about sixteen months, and came from Marlborough, Wilts. On the previous day he noticed an offensive smell in the house, which he traced to the girl's bed-room; and, as other circumstances aroused his suspicion, he gave information to the police. After evidence from Dr. Stuart, the divisional police-surgeon, the prisoner, who appeared to be in a very weak state, was remanded.

WANDSWORTH.

THE ANTI-SMOKER V. THE SMOKER.—Mr. Walter Stanborough, a gentleman residing at Isleworth, was summoned before Mr. Ingham by Mr. T. Bent, on behalf of the South-Western Railway Company, for unlawfully interfering with the comfort of another passenger by lighting and burning fuses. Mr. Frank Whitaker Bush, of Lincoln's Inn, deposed that on Saturday, the 29th ult., he went to Waterloo Station, for the purpose of riding by the 6.50 train. He entered the end compartment of a first-class carriage, and at first he did not notice that the defendant was sitting in the same carriage. After he got in the defendant observed, "You are the disagreeable fellow who objects to smoking on this line, you ought not to have got in; I always smoke; you had better get into another carriage." He answered the defendant by telling him that he decidedly objected to smoking, after which he opened a book to read. The defendant got out, and said, "I know you, you are the man Bush, who is disagreeable down the line; you'll be served out yet." He went away, but returned just before the train started, and got into the carriage again. The defendant then said that he would make the carriage comfortable for him, for he could not smoke him out with tobacco he would with fuses. Witness cautioned him, but he took no notice of it and lighted a fuse. He told witness that he could not pull him for it, as he was not smoking. He lighted a second fuse, and also annoyed him with his feet, which continued until he got out at Kew. The defendant then said, "Thank God, I have got rid of you." The defendant stated that it was usual on the line that when a gentleman entered one of these particular carriages for others not to get in, but the complainant denied that he was aware of any such customs, and Mr. Bent said that it was against the rules of the company for seats to be kept for passengers. On being called upon for his answer to the case, the defendant said that he informed the complainant he had friends coming into the carriage, but he got in and sat down. He then asked him if he had any objection to smoking, and he replied that he had. He then told him that as the compartment only held three passengers he had better get into another carriage, but he declined. He then got out and looked for another carriage of the same description, but not finding one unoccupied he returned. He was certainly annoyed at the complainant's objection to his smoking, and he took out a fuses and lighted it. Mr. Ingham said that probably you did not object to it in any ordinary case, but in this instance it was done in such a manner as to interfere with the comfort of a passenger. He could not shrink from imposing the full penalty, and the defendant would have to pay a fine of 40s. and 2s. costs. The money was immediately paid. Mr. Bent afterwards informed his worship that Mr. Bush had appeared against a gentleman for smoking; the consequence of which was that he had been subjected to great annoyance.



"THE NATIVITY."—AFTER THE PICTURE BY RUBENS.

"THE NATIVITY," BY RUBENS.

THE accompanying engraving of the well-known picture by Rubens of the "Nativity" will be acceptable to our readers at the present time, in connexion with the festivities in memory of the birth of Christ. The distinguished master, the Prince of the Flemish school of painters, was born at Cologne in 1577, and died

at Antwerp in 1640. "Whether," says one writer on art, "we consider his great and universal talent of embracing everything that came within the range of this science, and of portraying it with the same happy facility, in grand historical composition or in landscape; in allegorical subjects or in portraits; in the representation of animals of a domestic or of a savage class, in action or in repose, all equally bear the stamp of truth and of nature; all equally show a great, enlightened, and comprehensive mind. The fire of his

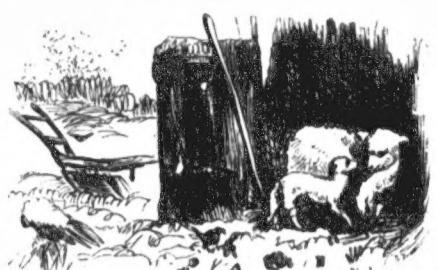
glowing pencil is only equalled by the versatility of his genius, and by the facility and rapidity with which he combined his subjects; while the beautiful blending of his colours, and the judicious length to which he has carried the finishing of his pictures, produce a splendour that surpasses every master of the same school, and rivals the works of the great Venetian masters." Perhaps it would be difficult to find a better illustration of all these excellences combined than in the "Nativity."

ALMANACK FOR 1863.



JANUARY

Full Moon	5d	3h 32m M.	New Moon	19d	4h 2m A.
Last Quarter	13d	0h 6m M.	First Quarter	26d	4h 54m A.
1 T Circumcision	17 S Swan River Sett. com., 1829	18 S SECOND SUN. AFT. EPIPHANY	17 T Shrove Tuesday	18 W Ash Wednesday	19 S SECOND SUN. IN LENT
2 F Sun sets 3h 56m	19 M	20 T St. Fabian	19 T Col. explosion nr. Wigan, 1854	20 F J. Hunt died, 1855	21 M St. David
3 S Cicero born B.C. 107	21 W Sun rises 7h 55m	22 F St. Valentine	20 S Garrick died, 1779	22 T F. M. Angelo born, 1475	22 S Spring begins
4 S 2ND SUN. AFTER CHRISTMAS	23 F Duke of Kent died, 1820	24 F Insurrection at Milan, 1852	21 S St. Agatha	23 F M. Angelo born, 1475	23 S FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT
5 M Dividends due	25 S Indian Mutiny, 1857	26 S QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY	22 S St. Agatha	24 T St. Matthias	24 T Annunciation—Lady Day
6 T EPIPHANY—Twelfth Day	26 W 3RD SUN. AFT. EPIPHANY	27 M	23 T Queen Victoria married, 1840	25 W Cambridge Term	25 W Rizioso murdered, 1566
7 S Solar eclipses by France, 1558	28 W Sun rises 7h 46m	28 F	24 T Mars sets 1h 21m	26 T Christopher Wren died, 1723	26 F Queen of Cambridge b., 1819
8 T Sun sets 4h 1m	29 W Mars sets 1h 21m	29 W Battle of Alwar, 1846	25 T Sun sets 7h 53m	27 S Brunswick Theatre fell, 1838	27 F Cambridge Term ends
9 F Sun rises 7h 59m	30 W	30 T George III died, 1820	26 T Queen Victoria born, 1819	28 S Corn Laws ex., 1849	28 S Oxford Term ends
10 S Sun souths 5h 7m	31 S	31 S St. Valentine	27 T Duke of Wellington assas., 1820	29 T Indian Mutiny, 1857	29 S PALM SUNDAY
11 S FIRST SUN. AFT. EPIPHANY	31 M	32 S	28 T St. Valentine	30 M Hunter died, 1783	30 M Duchess of Kent died, 1826
12 T Hounds begin		33 S	29 T	31 T Notes due on India Bonds	
13 T Hunting—Term begins		34 S	30 T		
14 W Oxford Term begins		35 S			
15 T Sun rises 7h 52m		36 S			
16 F Sun sets 4h 10m		37 S			



FEBRUARY

Full Moon	3d	10h 2m A.	New Moon	18d	3h 6m M.
Last Quarter	11d	10h 46m A.	First Quarter	23d	0h 34m A.
1 S SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY	17 T Shrove Tuesday	18 W Ash Wednesday	17 T St. Patrick	18 W Princess Louisa born, 1848	17 T St. Patrick
2 M Purif. Cand. Day	19 S SECOND SUN. IN LENT	19 T Col. explosion nr. Wigan, 1854	18 M Windsor Castle took fire, 1853	19 F Sun rises 6h 31m	18 M Windsor Castle took fire, 1853
3 T Sun rises 7h 23m	20 F J. Hunt died, 1855	20 W	20 S Battle of Poitiers, 1356	20 W Sun sets 5h 30m	20 S Battle of Poitiers, 1356
4 W	21 T	21 T	21 T	21 S Spring begins	21 S Spring begins
5 S EIGHTH SUN. AFT. TRINITY	22 F	22 F	22 F	22 S FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT	22 S FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT
6 M	23 S	23 S	23 S	23 M	23 M
7 T Dividends due at Bank	24 T	24 T	24 T	24 T Annunciation—Lady Day	24 T Annunciation—Lady Day
8 W Prince Leopold born, 1857	25 W	25 W	25 W	25 W Rizioso murdered, 1566	25 W Rizioso murdered, 1566
9 F Chatham died, 1778	26 T	26 T	26 T	26 F Queen of Cambridge b., 1819	26 F Queen of Cambridge b., 1819
10 S Storming of Sebastopol, 1855	27 W	27 W	27 W	27 F Cambridge Term ends	27 F Cambridge Term ends
11 T Cambridge Term begins	28 S	28 S	28 S	28 S Oxford Term ends	28 S Oxford Term ends
12 W West died, 1820	29 T	29 T	29 T	29 T PALM SUNDAY	29 T PALM SUNDAY
13 S LOW SUNDAY	30 M	30 M	30 M	30 M Hunter died, 1783	30 M Hunter died, 1783
14 T Princess Beatrice born, 1857	31 F	31 F	31 F	31 T Notes due on India Bonds	31 T Notes due on India Bonds
15 W Easter & 2nd Terms begin					
16 T Lord Byron died, 1824					



MARCH

Full Moon	5d	2h 46m A.	New Moon	19d	2h 37m A.
Last Quarter	12d	6h 5m M.	First Quarter	27d	8h 58m M.
1 S SECOND SUN. IN LENT	17 T St. Patrick	18 W Ash Wednesday	17 T St. Patrick	18 W Princess Louisa born, 1848	17 T St. Patrick
2 M	19 S	19 T	18 M Windsor Castle took fire, 1853	19 F Sun rises 6h 31m	18 M Windsor Castle took fire, 1853
3 T	20 F	20 W	19 S Battle of Poitiers, 1356	20 W Sun sets 5h 30m	19 S Battle of Poitiers, 1356
4 W	21 G	21 T	20 S	20 S Spring begins	20 S Spring begins
5 S	22 H	22 F	21 T	21 S FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT	21 S FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT
6 M	23 I	23 G	22 F	22 S	22 S
7 T	24 J	24 H	23 G	23 M	23 M
8 W	25 K	25 I	24 H	24 T ANNUNCIATION—Lady Day	24 T ANNUNCIATION—Lady Day
9 S	26 L	26 J	25 I	25 W Rizioso murdered, 1566	25 W Rizioso murdered, 1566
10 T	27 M	27 K	26 J	26 F Queen of Cambridge b., 1819	26 F Queen of Cambridge b., 1819
11 W	28 N	28 L	27 K	27 F Cambridge Term ends	27 F Cambridge Term ends
12 S	29 O	29 M	28 L	28 S Oxford Term ends	28 S Oxford Term ends
13 T	30 P	30 N	29 M	29 T PALM SUNDAY	29 T PALM SUNDAY
14 W	31 Q	31 O	30 N	30 M Hunter died, 1783	30 M Hunter died, 1783
15 S			31 T	31 T Notes due on India Bonds	31 T Notes due on India Bonds
16 F					



APRIL

Full Moon	4d	4h 9m M.	New Moon	18d	3h 5m M.
Last Quarter	11d	1h 23m M.	First Quarter	23d	0h 8m M.
1 T All Fools	17 F Napoleon visited Eng., 1853	18 S American Revolution, 1775	17 T FIRST SUNDAY AFTER AS- CESSION	18 W Battle of Waterloo, 1815	17 W
2 F Good Friday	19 S SECOND SUN. AFTER EASTER	20 M	19 T Dunstan, Archbishop	19 F Corpus Christi	18 M
3 S St. Ambrose	21 T Sun rises 4h 55m	22 F Odessa bombarded, 1854	20 W Columbus died, 1506	20 S Ace of Q. Victoria, 1837	19 F
4 W ST. PATRICK'S DAY	23 S	23 T St. George's Day, 1798	21 T Lafayette died, 1834	21 S NETHERLANDS DISUNITE, 1831	20 S
5 S Easter Monday	24 T	24 F First Steam steamer launched, 1807	22 F Trinity Term begins	22 S B THIRD SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	21 F
6 T Prince Leopold born, 1857	25 W	25 S Princess Alice born, 1843	23 F Oxford Term ends	23 M Summer begins	22 S
7 W Chatham died, 1778	26 S	26 T British Museum reopens	24 F ROGATION DAY	24 T St. John Baptist	23 S
8 F	27 T	27 W Restoration of Charles II	25 S	25 T Constant twilight	24 S
9 T Storming of Sebastopol, 1855	28 M	28 W Peace proclaimed, 1856	26 T	26 F George IV died, 1830	25 S
10 S	29 F	29 M Duchess of Gloucester d. 1857	27 W	27 S FOURTH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	26 S
11 T	30 G	30 T	28 F	28 S	27 S
12 W			29 G	29 T	28 S
13 S LOW SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY			30 H	30 T	29 S
14 T			31 I	31 T	30 S
15 W					
16 S					



MAY

Full Moon	3d	10h 3m A.	New Moon	17d	4h 49m A.
Last Quarter	10d	1h 25m M.	First Quarter	23d	8h 42m A.
1 F Prince Arthur born, 1850	17 S FIRST SUNDAY AFTER AS- CESSION	18 T	17 T FIRST SUNDAY AFTER AS- CESSION	18 W	17 W
2 M Duke of Wellington born, 1769	19 S FOURTH SUN. AFTER EASTER	19 W	18 T	18 F	18 F
3 T	20 F	20 M	19 T	19 G	19 G
4 W	21 G	21 T	20 W	20 H	20 H
5 S	22 H	22 F	21 T	21 I	21 I
6 M	23 I	23 G	22 F	22 J	22 J
7 T	24 J	24 H	23 G	23 K	23 K
8 W	25 K	25 I	24 H	24 L	24 L
9 S	26 L	26 J	25 G	25 M	25 M
10 T	27 M	27 K	26 H	26 N	26 N
11 W	28 N	28 L	27 G	27 O	27 O
12 S	29 O	29 M	28 H	28 P	28 P
13 T	30 P	30 N	29 I	29 Q	29 Q
14 W	31 Q	31 O	30 J	30 R	30 R
15 S			31 K	31 S	31 S
16 F					



JUNE

Full Moon	1d	1h 30m A.	New Moon	16d	7h 23m M.
Last Quarter	13d	1h 52m A.	First Quarter	24d	10h 31m M.
1 M NICOMEDAE	17 W	18 S	17 T	18 W	17 W
2 T	18 X	19 S	18 M	19 F	18 M
3 W	19 Y	20 S	19 T	20 G	19 F
4 T	20 Z	21 S	20 W	21 H	20 G
5 F	21 A	22 T	21 X	22 I	21 H
6 S	22 B	23 S	22 Y	23 J	22 I
7 M	23 C	24 T	23 Z	24 K	23 J
8 F	24 D	25 S	24 A	25 L	24 K
9 S	25 E	26 T	25 B	26 M	25 L
10 T	26 F	27 S	26 C	27 N	26 M
11 W	27 G	28 T	27 D	28 O	27 M
12 S	28 H	29 S	28 E	29 P	28 N
13 T	29 I	30 T	29 F	30 Q	29 O
14 W	30 J	31 S	30 G	31 R	30 P
15 S			31 H		
16 F					

Literature.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

THE DEATH IN THE SNOW.

A TRUE STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY S. HAYWARD FRANKLIN.

A FEW Christmases ago, I was on a visit to a friend of mine who lived in the picturesque village of S—, in the county of Lincolnshire, when by chance, I became acquainted with an old villager; and during my stay, I paid frequent visits to the old man's cottage, during one of which I learnt from him the following painful story, which, substituting only fictitious names, I beg to lay before the reader. I have thought fit to alter the old man's phraseology; but the facts remain as they were narrated.

It is twenty years ago this present Christmas, that Woodbine Cottage was the scene of humble festivity and honest mirth. The neat little dwelling was well studded with ivy, which grew thickly round the latticed window; and even the little porch was decked with the beautiful green, which now, in all its verdant beauty, graced the exterior of Woodbine Cottage at the merry Christmas time. Within, all was cheerful; the blazing fire was well supplied, for the Christmas log was crackling and hissing on the hearth. Suspended from the roof was a fruitful branch of mistletoe; the beautiful green and seasonable holly was plentifully distributed over the neat pictures; and the lovely red berries, under the effect of the blazing fire, coupled with the smiling faces around, and the merry laugh of Alice Williams, made up a scene that might have excited the envy of many a lord who spent his Christmas at his great house in town, on that happy day of twenty years ago.

In his easy, cozy chair, sat Richard Williams, the father of my heroine; opposite to him was his smiling partner; and the only two children of this humble pair sat facing the glowing fire.

Young Richard Williams was as honest a lad as the pleasant village of S— could boast of; and indeed was he the joy of his doting parents.

Alice Williams could not count more than sixteen summers, and was the junior of her brother by some two years, but she was truly lovely. She had beautiful golden hair, light blue eyes, a delicately chiselled Grecian nose, and a more exquisite face could not be conceived. And, oh, how innocent, how noble, and how good was Alice Williams, the "Blossom," as the village folk named her! And there she sat, and her merry laugh was now ringing through that humble dwelling, even as the village bells were sounding, and proclaiming that on this happy day was born the Holy Messiah—Emmanuel—the Great Friend and Saviour of man!

Something her brother had said had caused the laugh to come from the lips of the lovely Alice; but now she was silent again; and all was still in the interior of Woodbine Cottage.

"I wonder whether Mr. Warrard will keep his word, father?" asked Alice, the first to break the silence.

"I hope so, child," said Mr. Williams; "for we shall indeed be dull without him."

"Oh, that we shall, father," rejoined Alice.

"Did he not promise us that he would be here by the afternoon?" asked Mrs. Williams of her husband.

"He did, wife; and I think he will come too."

"Listen!" cried young Richard. "Did you not hear the sound of some one approaching on horseback? Surely it is Mr. Warrard?"

"'Tis he!" exclaimed Alice, starting up, and running to the porch.

"Hush, child!" said the father, checking the eager Alice. "Thou must not meet the gentleman in that way! sit by thy mother's side, and let Richard go and receive the gentleman."

The face of Alice, that, at the sound of the approaching horseman, had been lit up with a something that meant more than mere gladness, now became pale; for her father had rebuked her, and she felt it was not undeserved.

Richard hastened to attend the visitor; and, while he is absent, I will tell you whom the visitor was.

Harry Warrard was a rich young gentleman from London, and, even as I had done, had become acquainted with the family of the Williams by accident; and he had promised them that on this Christmas-day he would spend an hour or two with them at Woodbine Cottage. And for this reason was the neat dwelling decked with more than ordinary care by the tender hand of Alice Williams. And while she was adorning that peaceful home, many and fast were the throbings of her little innocent heart. And why was this? Perhaps the reader would rather that I tell him not? Strangely attached had Harry Warrard become to the little Alice, and the fair "Blossom" was the loadstone that had attracted the rich gentleman to visit the home of the Williams on this day, when all true Christians rejoice—merry, merry Christmas.

Blooming with the healthy glow which the brisk December air had lent to his cheeks, the tall commanding form of Harry Warrard stood in the ivy-clad porch of Woodbine Cottage. Those who had seen his handsome form would not have wondered why those throbings visited the breast of Alice Williams, as she adorned the humble dwelling for the reception of the rich visitor. But would oh, would Harry had been as noble in heart as he was in person!

But to return.

Harry Warrard entered, smiling, for he saw the look of joy beaming on the face of Alice; and taking the hand of Mr. Williams with a hearty grip, he was soon in full conversation with the honest family.

Truly was the life of that village home on this Christmas day; and the hour he had promised to spend was stretched to five or six—indeed dark Night had begun to spread its sable mantle over the village of S— ere Harry Warrard left that happy roof.

He joked and chatted with Mr. Williams; he amused his hostess with many a pleasing story; he became quite jovial with young Richard; but for Alice alas! he had, ere he departed, almost secured her heart—for she pressed his hand so warmly; and when, under the legitimate shrine, he tenderly pressed her lips to his own, there met

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Mr. Williams saw that Harry Warrard had paid his child marked attention, but he thought not—he dreamt not that

"Worse remained behind."

At the parting Harry Warrard had whispered something to the fair Alice; but those few words reached no other ears save her own; and the graceful form of Warrard was soon mounted on the back of his impatient horse, and nothing was heard but the sharp, crackling tramp of the steed as it trod the glassy road that led from the village of S— to the town of M—.

That night, while all slumbered in Woodbine Cottage, did Harry Warrard plot and plan how he might be possessed of the lovely Alice; and that night did the heart of the lovely girl cry out and say "I love Mr. Warrard" as she lay tossing upon her waiting couch in Woodbine Cottage.

From that time did Harry Warrard and Alice Williams meet often—*unknown* to her doting parents. Her lover pictured to her his mansion in town, his gay servants, his splendid carriages, the sights and glories of the modern Babylon; and Alice was seized with a madcap desire to visit the great London. And if she could go with Harry Warrard! But she did not wish to go without her parents' leave. She would have her rich lover go and ask for their consent and blessing; and then how gladly she would go!

But this was not what Harry Warrard wanted. No; he would have her go unknown to all. He prayed, implored, beseeched; and at last she—poor, innocent girl—consented!

Within three weeks from the festive Christmas-day, on a cold bitter night, did the innocent trusting Alice emerge from Woodbine Cottage, and resign herself to the keeping and protection of Harry Warrard.

Poor, poor child!

Oh, how beautiful she looked as she, for a moment, stood gazing at the silvery moon, shining down so brightly on that frosty night! She was leaving home, parents, all she had in the world, in that ivy-clad cottage behind her, and perhaps she was thinking of this.

Her handsome lover awaited her; and that was enough for her.

She flew to his arms—ready to go she knew not whether—whether she cared not!

Taking one long farewell look at her cottage home, she turned away. Did not a pang shoot through the heart of Warrard as he saw that "last look"? Perhaps yes.

Easy was their journey; for Warrard was rich, and money brought them every requisite.

They arrived in London; and now commenced the sad fate of Alice Williams.

Fair, fair "Blossom!" better had it been hadst thou still bloomed in Woodbine Cottage, rather than resigned thyself to the keeping of that man. But as thou sest, so must thou reap!

Great was the grief of the parents of Alice on hearing that their pet bird had flown; and indescribable their agony when they discovered with whom.

Her brother was half frantic, and would have followed, but he knew not where to seek his sister, for he had heard Warrard was wealthy, and he knew also that the villain had the means to conceal her whereabouts from all.

The darling Alice was lost to these humble cotters—lost in busy London; the great City had received her, and truly was she stolen from all but the man who had lured her to destruction, to shame, and degradation.

The cruel Harry Warrard had sworn to make her his wife as soon as he arrived in London; but, alas! he lied—he perjured his soul; for the flower he had plucked from a peaceful home became a mere toy—a slave to his passions—his mistress!

Oh, man, man, didst thou possess no heart at all? Couldst thou do all this, and not fear that the curse of that father, from whom thou stole the child, would follow thee? And was't thou not afraid that the wrath of heaven would fall and crush thee? No; or else thou wouldest have kept thy word, and made the fair girl thy lawful wife, and fondly have borne her to her village home, and asked forgiveness for thy crime!

Richard Williams at length went to London to seek his lost sister, but with no success; he could hear no tidings of her, and, bro-en-hearted, he returned to Woodbine Cottage, with the sorrowful news for his mourning mother.

The poor mother was prostrated with sorrow at the loss of her child; and fervently—oh, so fervently!—did she pray to heaven that the lost one might return. But no!—no tidings came; and six months had passed since the fair one had been stolen.

The poor mother could bear no more; she sank daily; and, ere autumn had come, she was dying! Dying; and Harry Warrard was her murderer!

The poor father bore up bravely, and tried to console his suffering wife; and believed still that he would see his daughter once again—once more fold her in his arms—for he was not the father to hate and curse his child for her sin! No; he would forgive all, and would have given his life only to lay her on his heart, and say, "Nestle there, sweet one!"

The husband saw his wife was dying; and that cut deep into his heart—deeper than all!

December—cold and biting December—had come again!

In one of the grand squares at the West End of London stood a mansion more costly than the rest; and that was the dwelling to which Warrard had taken the fair lamb whom he had stolen from the fold.

In that mansion, now, were two beings engaged in a domestic warfare; and those two are Harry Warrard and Alice Williams—Alice Williams still in name, but, oh! how altered in herself!

He was but the wreck of her former self; and he—she, the cause of all—was now telling her that he was tired of her, and she might go. He was bidding her hence his gay mansion, and cared not where she went.

"But loo," O reader—look! On that breast, which, but a twelvemonth back, was so pale, there reposes a *he*!

Yes; Alice Williams had become a mother but a few weeks since, and that monster is bidding her leave his grand home, and go to her humble dwelling in Lincolnshire. And this, after all the vows he made of eternal love and devotion!

This domestic warfare is waged until the coward, ashamed of himself, quits the apartment, and tells the poor, rejected flower that she must not be there when he returns.

As the door closes on the man whose handsome looks and oily tongue had made her what she had become, the mother took up her living burden, waited but to take enough to sustain life, left a few lines of biting reproach to her seducer, and then, the wreck of the once happy "Blossom," went forth into the cold streets!

She meant to try and reach her loved village home, and then to die!

When Harry Warrard returned home, and found she was gone—that she would trouble him no more,—the wretch seemed to rejoice; for he said to himself, "Now, then, at least, I am free! Now can I marry the beautiful Lady Constance—and the silly little Alice?—Why, let her go back to her pauper home!"

It was Christmas-day again, and Lincolnshire, and the country, for miles around, was visited by a heavy snowstorm, such an one as had not been seen for half a century.

The village of S— was almost completely blocked up with the deep snow, and was, in many places, impassable.

The "Fens" were one vast bed of snow; and few were the wayfarers that were seen.

The sky was tinged with red; and still the snow was falling thick and fast.

Anon, the storm abated; and, as the night came on, clear and bright shone out the silvery moon; and, under its rays, grand, indeed, was the aspect of the country.

The village of S— was divided from the town of M— by a large meadow; and in the centre of that meadow, nearly knee-deep in snow, there stands a lonely figure.

Whom thin you it is?

The cast-off "Blossom" of S—, the lovely outcast from the heart of Harry Warrard!

How she had got thus far she scarcely knew herself. A kindly soul had sometimes given her a helping hand; but she had ridden a great part of the way from London, and now she was in the midst of that snow-covered meadow, and within a mile of her once happy home!

Should she go on? she asked herself; should she fall on her knees before her father?—But, stay! Did she possess a father? Should she pray for forgiveness from her mother? Did she now have a mother? Had she not done that which was enough to break her parents' hearts, and bow them to the grave? Oh, yes! But she had life; and she would go on.

On—on through the deep, deep snow: she was fast becoming exhausted, and had scarcely strength to proceed.

He looked at her babe,—it was breathing still!—thank heaven for that.

The thought of her child had sustained her during her long journey; and she hoped yet to lay her infant in the arms of her forgiving mother, and then she could die—she would not wish to live after that.

On—on again, speed the poor Alice—almost buried in the snow; now stumbling, but rising again—now sinking in some deep drifts of the cold, cold snow.

Christmas night!

Just one twelvemonth since we introduced the reader to that lovely Woodbine Cottage.

But, hush!—tread softly now, dear reader! There is no merriment now!—peace!

Dost thou see that weeping brother? Something must have happened more than his sister's loss to make him weep so?

I look!—seeest thou that bro'en-hearted father?

Look!—come!—Look there!—there lies the dying mother of the tender "Blossom," whom Harry Warrard stole away!

"My poor, dying, murdered wife!" moans the husband.

"Oh, father, father!" echoes the voice of the sorrowing son.

"Husband, husband!" softly—very softly—says the wife; "when I am dead, do not grieve for me! Tell our Alice, should she ever return, that her mother truly forgave her;—and—and—Husband, let me be laid in the village churchyard, and our dear Alice can look on her mother's grave, and now she forgave her! Richard," she continued, addressing her son, "you will forgive your erring sister, and bear to her her mother's blessing?"

"Mother, mother!" cried the poor youth, "do not talk of dying! You may still recover; and all will be well again!"

"Never, child, never! Husband—the door—"

The dying mother uttered a long, smothered cry, and sank back on her pillow.

"I thought I heard a groan, Richard!" said the father. "Go thee to the door, and see if there be not something—"

The speaker broke off; again he heard the groan—this time deeper—more deadly.

Richard Williams flew to the door, which was blocked up with snow; but no sooner did he open it, than a white something—a heap of snow it would appear—uttered the word "Mother!" in a tone that froze the blood in the veins of both father and son.

"Alice!" exclaimed the dying Mrs. Williams;

and back into the arms of death sank the murdered parent.

Simultaneously with the flight of her mother's spirit, did the soul of Alice Williams take its winged course—surely to heaven?

They lifted up the white burden, and bore it to the fire; they took a something from off the breast!

"Heavens!" shrieked the poor father, "it is a child! Oh, Alice, Alice, thee hast broken thy father's heart!"

"Oh, father, father!" cried young Richard. "Poor Alice be dead! Look, father, look, she be quite dead—dead!"

And the poor brother sank on the prey of Death that lay before the hearth in a pool of snow water, which had been produced by the heat of the fire melting the thick, white covering which enveloped the form of Alice Williams—the same Alice Williams whose very laugh the reader heard at Woodbine Cottage a twelvemonth back this very night, when all was so peaceful and happy in the neat cottage!

And Harry Warrard had done all this!

Cold—quite cold was the dear babe. It must have been dead some time! Yes; it died in the midst of that snow-covered meadow, just one mile from Woodbine Cottage!

I have not much more to tell. Only that on that Christmas night the corpses were laid on three humble rests—the mother, the daughter, and the proof of that daughter's shame.

Oh, what a change was here now! No holly—no cheerful laugh to drown the roaring December wind! All still! A cottage containing only a broken-hearted father and son, and the dead bodies of a mother, a sister, and a child!

And all this while Harry Warrard is enjoying the marriage feasts, and breathing soft words into the ears of his rich wife; for he was married on that very day to the high and wealthy Lady Constance, the daughter of Lord —.

Carried to the village churchyard were those three bodies, even in the midst of a heavy snowfall, and buried in one grave; and then to the lonely cottage home returned father and son, and a few sympathizing villagers.

Soon after young Williams joined the army, in which he is still. He could not live under the roof where he had seen so much misery.

The father still kept to the cottage, and is there now; but the little dwelling is fast going to decay.

Harry Warrard, when he heard all, became an altered man. He seldom left his home; and, although few know his secret, he has suffered acutely, and at times raves in madness. And this Harry Warrard, of whom I have told you, is one of England's titled aristocracy!

The old villager, Williams, told me that he expected his son home the Christmas I was there; and I thought of the poor fellow's feelings on entering the once happy home of Woodbine Cottage.

I promised the old man I would visit him another Christmas; but I have not been, for the story he told me has almost given me a dread of the village of S—. I hear he is alive still, although failing fast in health; and soon—very soon, he will be laid in the grave of the three murdered beings, whose spirits took their flight to heaven on a Christmas night twenty years ago.

I must own it is a melancholy tale I have told; but now that Christmas is here once again, and such stories are often told at this season, I beg the reader's forbearance. And perhaps, as you are seated at the festive board, and your glasses go round, and you wish each other a "Merry Christmas and a happy new year," one thought of sympathy may arise in your heart for the hermit of Woodbine Cottage, who furnished me with the facts of the true story which I have called "THE DEATH IN THE SNOW."

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following new music, which demands our space prevent our reviewing until our next.

London: B. WILLIAMS, 11, Paternoster Row—The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue (comic song), Or Any Other Girl (comic song), England's Hopo Quadrilles, The Copenhagen Waltzes, Jolly John Bull (serio-comic song).

London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate Street, Within.—Rose of England Waltzes.

London: JOSPH WILLIAMS, 123, Cheapside—Bacchante Galop, Rosalie the Prairie Flower, Trapeze Polka, Alexander Valse, I Watch for Thee in Starless Night (serenade), Master Robin (ballad), Albert Edward Quadrille, in Deep and Starless Night (serenade), Georgiana Valse.

The Victoria Station, Pimlico, has the recommendation of being adjacent to the large Stationery Depot, Messrs. Sewell and Co.'s of Stockbridge-terrace, opposite, who, being manufacturers as well as dealers in paper, can supply the traveller with fifty thousand envelopes of any size at five minutes' notice if required.

[Advertisement.]

The Postmaster-General has consented to allow the Two Shilling Society of Arts' Prize Writing Case to pass through the book-post for four stamps, so that this compact case, of which 150,000 have already been sold, can now be sent to any part of the United Kingdom by sending twenty-eight stamps to the makers and inventors, Parkins and Gatto, 25, Oxford-street, London. The case contains writing paper, envelopes, blotting-book, metal pen-case with reserve of pens—[Advertisement].

From the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one, because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among articles of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of many candidates for public favour, and is known as the "Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine." Circumstances post-free on application of No. 1, Ludgate-hill, E.C.—[Advertisement].

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Varieties

TAKE care to be an economist in prosperity there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

THE SPOON IN THE POT.—Why does a metal spoon, left in a saucepan, retard the boiling process? Being an excellent conductor, the metal spoon carries off the heat from the water, and consequently prevents it boiling as soon as it otherwise would.

A QUERY.

Our trials! cease your "Table Traits," "Smart folks eat mustard," you proclaim, "So, sedate ones live on dates;" That crabbed men eat crabs is plain. The peevish, peevish, you may avow; The squabblers, squabblers, that I'll allow, But tell me, in the name of Caesar, If drinking tea will make a tesser?

OLD BEEF.—Precocious boys they have in York-shire, as appears from the following:—"An elderly specimen of the ox tribe was standing on the scales preparatory to being weighed, when the following conversation was overheard:—First Boy—"S-a-y, Bill, won't that critter take chawin'?" Second Boy—"They have to kill him, Jim; there ain't no more room on his horns for wrinkles. Butcher looks hurt.

QUICK WORK.—Not long since, a certain quack, who looked as sharp as an owl, was addressed by one of his patients thus:—"Doctor, tell us how it is that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?"—"Why I will tell you," said the learned man of pills. "You see as how there are two pipes in the neck—one of them to receive the meat and the other the drink. At the top of them pipes is a lid or clapper, and when we eat, that clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink, it turns upon the meat pipe—a see-saw kind of motion. Queer apparatus, I assure you."—"But, doctor," said the patient, "it appears to me that are clapper must play a sharp game when we eat pudding and milk."

SLEEP.—Observations and scientific experiments constantly confirm the fact that the brain is nourished, repaired during sleep. If, then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until this power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac! By all means sleep enough; give all who are under your care sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never wake up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is when waked up before his nap is out. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigour in the morning—hence the morning is the best time for study; then the brain has most strength, most activity, and works most clearly. It is the midnight lamp which floods the world with sickly sentimentalists, false morals, ricketty theology, and all those harm scum dreams of human elevation which abrogate Bible teachings.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Read the 6d. book, "THE WONDERS OF THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, by a Successful Digger," which shows how any person can earn from 30s. to £5 per day, at a trifling outlay. D. J. DAN and SON, 11, Ludgate-hill, London, and all booksellers; or post-free for 7 stamps from Mr. Jones, publisher, Barnstaple, Devon.

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